

JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 73

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1907

ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number
see page 1.



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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THE JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

REPORT OF DIRECTORS.

To be submitted to the Shareholders at a Meeting to be held in the Board Room, Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, Consolidated Building, Fox Street, Johannesburg, on Tuesday, the 19th day of November, 1907, at 10 a.m.

Your Directors submit herewith the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the Company for the year ended June 30, 1907, showing a balance of profit of £45,938 18s. 8d., which they recommend be carried forward to next account. It will be seen from the Profit and Loss Account that, excluding the balance brought forward from last year, the total revenue amounts to £401,947 17s. 3d., and the total expenditure to £69,063 3s. 9d., leaving a net revenue for the year of £332,884 13s. 6d., which is an increase of £71,313 2s., as compared with the previous year.

Your Directors, however, regret that, owing to the general adverse conditions which have prevailed during the past year and the consequent shrinkage in market values, the necessity has again arisen to write down the value of the Company's shareholdings and other assets by the sum of £310,534 1s. 9d. Of this sum, £278,586 18s. 6d. has been written off shareholdings on account of depreciation estimated as at June 30 last. But while the market value of certain of the Company's shareholdings has fallen, that of others shows an appreciation largely in excess of book figures, and this appreciation, amounting to £465,283 10s. 8d. on June 30 last, has not been taken into account.

The amount written off for bad and doubtful debts is £7,269 17s. 7d., of which some portion may ultimately be recovered.

With reference to your investments in Real Estate, your Johannesburg Town and Suburban Properties stand at £632,357 17s. 7d., but these properties were, in May last, valued by the Municipality at £1,328,618, or £676,260 2s. 3d. above the values in the Company's Books.

Regarding the Gold Mining Companies in which this Company is interested, their position generally shows improvement; working costs have come down, profits are higher, and satisfactory dividends have been paid by the New Rietfontein, New Primrose, Glencairn and Witwatersrand Companies; the New Spes Bona, New Heidelberg Roodpoort, and Consort Properties, which were for a long time lying fallow, are now let on tribute. The position of the Buffelsdoorn Company we would, however, mention, does not show improvement, and, as its liabilities have been increasing, it has been deemed advisable by the Directors of that Company to take steps to place it in liquidation.

While the past year has been, as indicated, one of acute depression, the strong position of your Company has been well maintained, and only better times are awaited to bring it once more to the dividend-paying stage. That these times are not far distant your Directors are hopeful, as the mining industry is established on a thoroughly sound basis, and the Transvaal Government has repeatedly given its assurance that it intends to foster and further its progress in every possible way.

In terms of the Articles of Association, four of the Directors, viz., Sir John Purcell, K.C.B., Mr. H. S. Caldecott, Mr. Julius Friedlander, and Mr. Isaac Lewis, retire by rotation and offer themselves for re-election.

Mr. E. P. Solomon has retired from the Board, but it is not intended at the present time to fill the vacancy.

Messrs. J. P. O'Reilly and Henry Hains, the present Auditors of the Company in Johannesburg, and Messrs. Chatteris, Nichols and Co., the Auditors in London, retire from office, and offer themselves for re-election.

By order of the Board,
THOS. HONEY,
London Secretary.

London, October 17, 1907.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT JUNE 30, 1907.

Capital and Liabilities.

Authorised Capital (under Resolution of November 23, 1905)	£4,500,000 0 0
of which £4,345,000 is Registered Capital.	
Capital Issued	£3,950,000 0 0
Reserve Fund	1,000,000 0 0
Mining Loans Special Reserve	142,219 2 8
Money on Deposit and on Loan	493,167 8 9
Sundry Creditors	45,063 10 0
Balance—Profit and Loss	45,938 18 8
Contingent Liabilities—Uncalled Capital on Investments and Sundry Guarantees ..	£54,363 11 0
	£5,676,389 0 10

Assets.

Cash on Hand and at Bankers	£80,758 1 6
Loans on Market Securities in London and Johannesburg	610,238 16 6
Loans on Bonds and on Security of Real Estate	92,974 6 1
Dividends accrued in respect of Stocks and Shares	51,508 18 3
Bills Receivable and Sundry Debtors	142,179 16 0
Loans to Mining and other Companies	540,279 9 6
Investments in Real Estate	785,756 6 5
Investments in Grounds Rents	85,285 0 0
Investments in Mining and other Properties	290,757 12 8
Investments in Machinery, Mining Requirements and Sundries	549 0 1
Investments in Stocks and Shares in Mining, Industrial and other Undertakings	2,988,298 2 3
Office Furniture, Fittings and Instruments	7,803 11 7
	£5,676,389 0 10

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, JULY 1, 1906, to JUNE 30, 1907.

To Salaries, including Directors' and Auditors' Fees	£42,360 9 8
„ Interest Paid	13,278 9 1
„ Establishment Charges, including Rent and Taxes, Insurance, Law Costs, Cables, Stationery, Printing, Advertising, &c. ..	13,424 5 0
„ Depreciation in Market Value of Stocks and Shares and in Sundry Investments at June 30, 1907—	
Amount written off	310,534 1 9
„ Depreciation in Furniture, Fittings and Instruments—	
Amount written off	573 6 11
„ Depreciation of Investments in Ground Rents—	
Amount written off	7,348 16 6
„ Bad and Doubtful Debts—	
Amount written off	7,269 17 7
„ Balance, being profit	45,938 18 8
	£440,728 4 2

By Balance from Last Account	£38,780 7 12
„ Rents and License receipts received	45,303 15 6
„ Extension of Leases	1,400 0 0
„ Dividends on Investments	217,348 2 10
„ Interest and Commission received	62,773 9 1
„ Profit on Stocks and Shares and other Assets realised	55,746 0 3
„ Profits from all other sources including Agency and Secretarial Fees and Departmental Earnings in Johannesburg and London	21,236 9 7
	£440,728 5 2

S. B. JOEL, Chairman,
E. B. GARDINER, } Directors.

We have examined the accounts of the Johannesburg Office of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, and have found them correct. We have also verified the Securities in South Africa.

J. P. O'REILLY,
HENRY HAINS, } Auditors.

JOHANNESBURG, July 13, 1907.

THOS. HONEY, Secretary.

We have audited the accounts of the London Office of the Company and find them correct, and they and the audited accounts of the Johannesburg Office are properly incorporated in the above Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account. We have also verified the Securities in London.

CHATTERIS, NICHOLS & CO.,

Chartered Accountants,

Auditors.

LONDON, August 9, 1907.



GENUINE ONLY IN SEALED PACKETS AND TINS.

NAME and FAME WORLD-WIDE.

OUR Limerick Competition.

See Page 390.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. III. No. 73.

Saturday, October 26th, 1907.

One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, unless otherwise signed, is editorial.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.

Applications for advertisement space to be made to Messrs. Greenberg and Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."
Matinee Every Saturday at 2. Doors open 1.40.
Box office open daily from 10 till 10.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. Geo. Edwards. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play with music, entitled "THE MERRY WIDOW" ("Die Lustige Witwe").

WHY PAY RENT?

The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment

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6, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

REMOVAL OF "JOHN BULL" OFFICES

To New and Larger Premises.

The Offices of "JOHN BULL" are now removed to 67, Long Acre, W.C., where all communications must be addressed.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and

number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

The following claims have been received in respect of September 14th:—

Mr. ALBERT J. PALMER, 136, Shakespeare Crescent, Manor Park, E. (No. 271734).

Mr. D. MUIRHEAD, 88, Hamilton Road, Reading (No. 359955).

Mr. GEO. BLIZARD, 6, Vincent Terrace, Washington Road, Worcester Park, Surrey (No. 306580).

The following claims have also been allowed:—

CAPTAIN DOIG, 18, Hertford Road, Bootle, Liverpool (No. 471919, August 24th), and

Mr. G. T. THIN, The White House, Fochabers, Morayshire (No. 187244, September 7th).

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 21ST:—

388,010	430,101
389,819	381,284
416,436	409,497
451,193	420,756
467,232	457,310

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 28TH.

All claims must reach us not later than first post on Monday, October 28th.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 30TH (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 28TH).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing and competent to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

We are being pressed by many readers to continue our "Impressions of Parliament." But what with one thing and another we don't seem to have many Impressions left. Perhaps we may pick up a few more next session. Just one or two disjointed items, however, before we leave the subject. First, a word upon the perplexity of some of our procedure in the House.

Suppose a Bill, sent up to the Lords, has come back with certain amendments. The question put by the Speaker is, "That the Lords' amendments be now considered." Someone then moves, "That this House doth agree (or disagree) with the amendment," taking them one at a time. Another member then moves an amendment to the Lords' amendment, and the question before the House then becomes "That this House doth agree with the Lords' amendment as amended." We will assume that this is carried. The amended amendment then goes to the Lords, who, perhaps, agree to it with certain further amendments. It then comes back to the Commons, and the question is, "That this House doth agree with the Lords' amendment as amended by the amended amendment," and so the game goes on. But these things don't interest the general public. They serve the same purpose as the ermine of the judge and the wig of the counsel, and the surplice of the priest. That is all. Then there is the quaint custom which compels you to wear a hat and remain seated when addressing the Chair after a division has been called; and that which says that you must keep your toes behind an imaginary Bar when listening to the proceedings standing; or the formality of "bringing in" a Bill—consisting of walking from the Bar to the Chair with many bows and obeisances and handing a blank piece of paper to the Clerk—and so on and so on. They are all very harmless and very picturesque.

And now just a glance at the one paramount feature of the House—common to all parties and all seasons. We refer to the transcendent interest it takes in its food and other animal comforts. The Orders of the Day may relate to a matter of high Imperial concern—but they will arouse small interest compared with the excitement caused by a Question to Sir James Jacoby, the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, as to the quality of the meat supplied to the members' dining rooms, or of the cigars or the wines. Indeed, we recall no more solemn moment in the history of this Parliament than that when, at the time of the Chicago scare, Sir James rose to answer a question as to whether it was the fact that boxes bearing the ominous name of "Armour" had been espied in the kitchen—only to be transformed into a scene of hysterical merriment when, in solemn tones, the House was assured that it need be under no apprehension—the boxes were used for conveying refreshments to the Press Gallery! We will hazard the opinion that upon a plebiscite of members as to who is the most important man in the House, Sir James Jacoby would come out an easy first.

Though there is not much that is new in the three volumes of Queen Victoria's letters as compiled by Lord Esher and Mr. A. C. Benson, with, of course, the King as referee, there is, on the other hand, much in them which will stimulate the popular memory of her as not only a great Sovereign, but as a womanly woman. "I am every day more convinced that we women, if we are to be good women—feminine, and amiable, and domestic—are not fitted to reign," she writes in one letter. "However, this cannot now be helped, and

it is the duty of everyone to fulfil all that they are called upon to do in whatever situation she may be." Here, surely, is the key to that intense longing for the domesticities and that equally intense repugnance to the publicities which persisted from the time she married to the evening of her long life. To her home, and all that home at its happiest means to a woman, whether she lives in the palace or the cottage, was a greater thing than sovereignty. She was as firm in her affections as she was strong in her prejudices. She loved Melbourne as much as she disliked and distrusted Pam. Dizzy had a deep and abiding place in her heart; Gladstone never got near it. And without a doubt the Grand Old Man felt the coldness of her parting with him after his long years of service. The conversation, as he himself reported, was "neither here nor there." "There seems to be some little mystery," he adds, "of my own case with her." But there was no mystery. The Queen did not like him, and that is all there is to be said. Only one word more. Even Royalties make slips in grammar. But that is no excuse for the editors perpetuating them.

According to the *Academy*, "if every man were a millionaire, it is probable that men would be infinitely further removed from happiness than they are at present." This allegation seems about as luminous as a coal cellar. Like the flowers that bloom in the spring, happiness has nothing to do with the case. A man may be as happy with ninepence as a dog with two tails, and as miserable with a fortune as a cat which has lost its kittens. The point is, what in the world would be the economic value of millions, as such, if all men were millionaires? In that case, every man would be on a level plane, and as a result, if he did not earn his bread in the perspiration of his dome of thought, neither would he take food. Contemplate the spectacle of Rockefeller, with no opportunities of exploiting his fellow man, soliciting cake from door to door; or Carnegie without any libraries to give away!

What we said the other week *à propos* of Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge for the America Cup turns out to have been prophetic. "We do not," were our words, "believe the Yankees will ever make the conditions equal enough to give Sir Thomas Lipton or any other challenger a fair run for his money." It is absurd that the Yankee millionaires who have the Cup in their pockets should compel the imposition of conditions in this international race which the New York Yacht Club do not impose in their own home races, and which, as a matter of fact, are imposed by no other yacht club in the world. The America Cup rules, fifty years old, handicap all challengers to the extent of making the race a foregone conclusion. This is why the Yankees insist that the rules shall be read as strictly as a medical prescription. They have too much of the what-we-hold-we-keep spirit to make good sportsmen in the British sense. For our part, we hope that no more challenges for the Cup will come from this country. The Americans have it; let them keep it. Their attitude merits nothing except indifference.

In only one respect do they seem to have the true sporting instinct. That is in the matter of divorce. For instance, Mrs. John Stewart, of New Jersey, has commenced proceedings against her husband because he "persistently refuses to purchase restoratives for the growth of his hair." It is not stated whether Mr. Stewart is defending these aspersions on his moral character. Probably he will allow judgment to go by default. On the face of it, the temperamental difference between the parties is not as deep as a well. Mrs. Stewart is an optimist; Mr. Stewart is a pessimist; and in these circumstances it looks as if he would keep his bald pate and lose his bold mate.

Another statue—this time to the memory of Sir Henry Irving. It is to be put behind the National Portrait Gallery. As we recently observed, London is overdone with statues. This, like others, is sure to be utterly unbeautiful, and true neither to name nor colour. The truth is that though the statues are many, the sculptors are few. It is not as if we were an artistic people. In Paris statues are planted twice as thickly as in London, but they have the merit of being rather more like the originals. Also, the authorities do keep them clean. But in London we do not appear to regard our little lot as being worth a penn'orth of soap. Of course, the enthusiastic admirers of Irving are entitled to spend their money in any way they please, but it seems a pity that they cannot find a better way to keep his memory green than by clothing his effigy in soot.

Mr. Lloyd George said the other day that "drink is distinctly on the down grade." He is right; it is. But apparently there are exceptions, for the statement of Judge Rentoul that at the Lord Mayor's banquet to the Archbishops, Bishops, and clergy at the Mansion House £40 worth of champagne was drunk has aroused the wrath of his lordship, who says it is "absolutely false." It now remains for the Judge to disclose his method of computing the financial liquidity of the occasion, and then perhaps the Lord Mayor will be good enough to reveal the exact amount of the bill. *Prima facie*, there does not seem to be anything specially remarkable in £40 being spent in champagne among a large assembly of the indubitably spiritual if they were athirst. We venture to think that most of them would have been disappointed if they had been confined strictly to the still waters. However, this is neither here nor there. It can hardly concern Judge Rentoul what they ate, or what they drank, or with what raiment they were clothed withal, so be it that they departed upright. By the way, it would be interesting to have a liquor census of the Episcopal Bench.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell's very latest is that John the Baptist was exactly the kind of man who would have led the attack on the Bastille, or would nowadays be addressing a Hyde Park demonstration of the unemployed. This is also true, we believe, of John the Burns.

At last we have the key of the Rosebery lock, and the name thereof is Wobble. His lordship himself produced it in his Edinburgh speech. "I regard the vote so highly," he told his audience, "that I should scruple to give it to one of two candidates at an election, both of whose principles I disapproved of." The idea that as one or other of the candidates was sure to be elected, it were better to vote for him with whom he disagrees the less, does not seem to have dawned upon his lordship. The place for a statesman of that type of mind in practical politics is in a balloon, afloat twixt heaven and earth. Lord Rosebery, we fear, will always remain a man of promise, with "a great future behind him." It is a pity, but you cannot make a statesman out of a political jelly-fish. You can't dispense with the vertebræ.

The nobleman who was refused permission to dine at the Savoy because he was not in evening dress raises a very interesting question. There is no doubt that the prestige of a smart restaurant in London, among a certain class, would be injured if gentlemen were allowed to dine there in "business clothes." It is a convention, and conventions are sacred as Holy Water to the swell restaurateur. This particular convention of the evening dress will be one of the last to go, for it has plenty of excuse for staying. It is a comfortable suit indoors, if a bait for pneumonia out-of-doors;

men who look well in anything look well in this; and it appeals to the Englishman's natural modesty, for it is the least noticeable of liveries. However, hard and fast rules are dangerous things to enforce without respect of persons. Busy men who have not time to dress always for dinner, now go to the minor restaurants and the music-halls afterwards. One may get a seat in any part of most of the West End theatres, except when business is roaring, in exchange for his good coin, even though he be not "dressed like the waiter." But the inbred feeling that one should dress for the play remains with most of us. Probably it costs the London theatres a hundred thousand pounds per annum—which is reaped by the democratic halls. It now appears that in order to get a satisfactory answer the management have sent out 500 circulars to their chief patrons, and according to the majority of the answers will their policy be guided. In the meantime, we note with satisfaction that the management does not propose to enquire into their visitors' birthmarks or moral characters, or the strict validity of their marriage certificates, but only into their clothes. Verily, evening dress may cover a multitude of indiscretions.

Some of the papers are wrangling over the silly cipher said to have been discovered by Mr. J. C. Nicol, a Willesden schoolmaster, who claims that Shakespeare's plays were written by the Earl of Southampton! Why will apparently sane persons be led off the only possible track in this matter? Mr. Bernard Shaw is not only "better than Shakespeare" (as he has himself said), he is Shakespeare. This has just been proved conclusively by a Chicago quidnunc who finds the key in the titles of the plays themselves. Range these titles in the proper order and mark the fourth letter from the end of each. Here you have it: "MacBeth," "Julius Cæsar," "Comedy of Errors," "Merchant of Venice," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," "Coriolanus," "All's Well That Ends Well." Surely this settles the ancient and fish-like controversy once for all.

It is rather amusing to find M. Marcel Prévost riding the high horse of morality on the question of French novels. He denounces the naughty books of his country as badly written and as having no connection with the spirit of the French people. In fact, he appears to be quite indignant. We remember, however, reading one of his books a long time ago and, though we are not particularly squeamish, we must say we were utterly disgusted. But, to give him his due, his style is not at all bad, as modern French style goes.

An astonishing creature known as the Cuscus has been added lately to the collection at the London Zoo. Rumour had it that the Cuscus had been captured in Fleet Street or the Strand, but this does not seem to have been the case. However, it resembles in many ways the strange frequenters of that thoroughfare. For instance, "it is nocturnal in its habits, has a thick woolly coat and a long prehensile tail." It is dirty-white, with dark blotches. Its eyes are large and prominent, and its ears are "fairly large." It "spends the day asleep and becomes active at night." Then "its movements are slow and deliberate." It eats birds, fruit and other nice things voraciously. Altogether, the Cuscus is very like an editor or a tragedian; and had we seen its pen-portrait in any other journal but the *Green 'Un*, we might have suspected that someone was pulling a journalistic leg.

What very fine fellows journalists are when they go abroad! If they held the destinies of empires on the tip of their pens, they could not give themselves greater airs. One of them has just been teaching one of the

many emperors of Morocco how to carry on his campaign and govern his country. We remember, years ago, meeting the *Times* correspondent at Sofia. He actually had the audacity to tell the famous (or infamous) Stambuloff, who was then Prime Minister, that, unless a certain policy were adopted, Bulgaria would incur the hostility of his newspaper. Stambuloff smiled and shrugged his shoulders. But the journalist became very serious and asked him whether he was aware that the *Times* was the seventh great power. Of course he was shown the door, and the *Times* embarked upon a vehement campaign against Bulgaria until the Prince invited the correspondent to a dance, when the policy of the seventh great power was immediately altered.

We beg to congratulate Sir John Harrington on his marriage. He is one of the few British diplomatists who possess pluck and ability. Not very many years ago he was unfortunate enough to lose all his money. Instead of killing himself or sponging on his friends, he quietly enlisted as a private and went to India. In next to no time he obtained a commission and was very soon given an appointment as a "political." After doing wonders as a consul on the Somali Coast, he was made minister to the Court of Abyssinia. There he quickly restored British influence, which had fallen to a low ebb. We should not be surprised if he were to become a second Lord Cromer. Meanwhile we must condole with him upon the practical joke which Lord Northcliffe has played. In a recent number of the *Daily Mirror* there appeared a picture of a podgy, stupid individual, who bore no resemblance whatever to Sir John. But the legend underneath said that it was he. We hope that he will prosecute the noble lord for criminal libel.

It seems to be the usual thing for unpopular speakers to escape from their meetings disguised as policemen. Mr. Lloyd George began it in that metropolis of law and order where Mr. Chamberlain is idolised. Now, socialist orators are following his example and dodging rotten eggs in this disguise. We should admire them more if they had the courage of their convictions, though, of course, a dead cat in your mouth is an argument which requires a good deal of eloquence to refute. We hope that no one will be foolish enough to arouse sympathy for the Socialists by making martyrs of them—and we also hope that no one will nail their ears to the pump.

Mr. Sydney Buxton is bent on doing his best for the nation that pays his salary. This is as it should be. Everyone knows that our public offices are riddled with extravagances of one sort or another. Mr. Buxton has discovered a source of waste in the Post-office cat, Jimmy by name. Jimmy was allowed eighteen pence per week for food formerly; henceforth he must do on ninepence, and make up the difference with mice and wastepaper. This record of Mr. Buxton's dash for economy reminds us of a story told in Fleet Street at the expense of the managing director of one of our wealthiest newspaper concerns. He, like Mr. Buxton, had set himself to overhaul the "Incidental Expenses," and he came upon the monthly item: "Cats 4s." "Four shillings a month for cats," quoth he, to the manager; "why, that's a matter of £2 10s. per annum!" The manager agreed. "Get some traps, instead," he ordered. The traps were obtained. Next month there were three entries among the "Incidentals" on kindred subjects. They read: "Paper damaged by mice, £5; mouse traps, 5s.; cheese for same, 5s.; total £5 10s." The managing director was a Scotsman, and the cats were reinstated on the following Monday with all due pomp and circumstance.

If some of our Colonial visitors were aware how educated and travelled Englishmen smile behind their backs at the impertinence and ignorance of most of their criticisms on the Old Country, they would probably say much less, and possibly think a little more. One of the latest of these greenhorns from Way Back, an Australian and a fit subject of the egregious Deakin, has been provided with a column in the *Evening News* in which to air his silly views. An editorial preface says that they are "typical of the Colonial attitude towards English life." They are nothing of the sort. It is the noisier sort of Colonial of whom we hear most here, and the writer in the *Evening News* is apparently typical of the class. Some of his conclusions are quaint; for example, that English girls are "without initiative or variety," and that "the Scotch lasses are worse in this respect." Of the people who pay for the Navy that keeps our Colonial friend from being eaten by Japan, he says graciously, "The average British working man is not very remarkable for the thinking power of his brains." Perhaps not, but he understood that Australian Tariff easily enough, first go off.

Some influential person ought to get the Church service amended, so as to include a prayer for national deliverance from medical faddists. They haunt us from our rising up to our lying down; some of them have begun to write little articles in the ha'penny papers. One of these terrorists heads his precious lucubrations "Your Health Day by Day." When last heard of he was preaching a horrible sermonette on the pretty text, "I am Bilious this Morning"! So he ought to be every morning—for his journalistic sins.

Another of these scientific persons has discovered a cure for rheumatism, which we feel sure will command the immediate confidence and patronage of our readers. It consists in getting oneself stung by bees. The remedy sounds a strange one, perhaps, but it is vouched for by Mr. Martin Duncan, who presumably uses it himself. From our point of view, however, the cure is worse than the evil; we prefer to suffer the rheumatism we have than fly to bee stings on the off-chance.

Probably the reply which Mr. John Redmond has received to the letter he addressed to Mr. Birrell on the subject of the Clonmel bomb outrage is pretty much in the terms he anticipated. According to the Chief Secretary, the matter cannot be allowed to rest where it is; but when Mr. Birrell has finished with the entree and gets to the joint, it appears that no form of inquiry would be adequate for the purpose of discovering the nefarious person who endeavoured to send Lord Ashdown to heaven by chemical parcels post while his Lordship was wropt in slumber. There is no question that the investigation of an outrage of the kind ought not to end in an Irish County Court. Somebody has done the deed. Judge Fitzgerald says it is a scandal and a perilous inaccuracy to allege that it was done by either Lord Ashdown or one of his employees. Logically, therefore, it must have been done by somebody else, and the masterly inactivity of the Irish Scotland Yard with reference to the matter seems to imply that the bomb was thrown by some baseless fabric of a vision who has left not a wrack behind.

It seems that the Bishop of London is also among the prophets. He predicts that within a generation all creeds of Christianity will be unified. Meanwhile, it is a remarkable fact that the chief stumbling block to re-union, so far as the Protestant churches are concerned, is in the attitude of the Bishop's own Church. The Anglicans refuse to recognise the validity of the "call" of Nonconformist pastors, just as the Roman Church declines to recognise the validity of Anglican

orders. Further, it not only forbids its clergy from preaching in Nonconformist pulpits, but shuts its own pulpits against Nonconformist pastors. No doubt the tendency of the Free Churches is to become unified, and this consummation will probably be realised long before the Anglican Church, disestablished and disendowed, makes complete union possible by the withdrawal of its special pretensions. Still, even a bishop's prophecy on such a question is all to the good as far as it goes, for if only a thing is prophesied long enough it is sure to happen.

To Mr. Cunningham Graham is the honour of having invented a new definition of patriotism. "A patriot," he says, "is a man who has the Press with him." In these days of shifting international politics this definition really seems to be as good as any and better than most. For patriotism is always the cry of the moment. At one time it is Toryism, at another Liberalism, at another Jingoism, or Chamberlainism, or any other "ism" which happens to take the public fancy. And the Press, which, with a few exceptions, has neither insight, foresight, nor hindsight, takes up the cry of the moment and calls it patriotism. To be a patriot, therefore, a man must be always on the side of the young gentlemen who write the opinions of their proprietors in newspaper offices. To be on any other side is to be a traitor to your country and a menace to your race.

The Rev. O. J. Reichel, of Exmouth, appears to be a pleasant sort of fellow. He has just been deploring the abolition of stocks as punishment. "If a man misconducted himself," said he, "and was brought up before the magistrates, it was all very well, in their modern humanitarian spirit, to commit him to prison. He fared in prison better than he would if he went to the Union, and he came out almost glorying in what had happened. But if they put that same man in the stocks where he was known, and all the boys as they passed by shot peas at him, and others derided him, it would have a deterrent effect. He was sorry the use of the stocks had gone out." Possibly Mr. Reichel would also like to see the rack and thumbscrew revived—to say nothing of the "iron maiden" and the boot. We are getting a lot of New Theology nowadays.

Mr. Carvell Williams did not live to see the triumph of the cause to which he gave the best years of his life. He was a fine example of the one-idea man who goes to his grave with his work unfinished. There was a time, not so many years ago, when disestablishment and disendowment were in the forefront of Liberal demands for reform. But the hard grind of the social mill has tended to stifle many of the old political cries and to fire the popular enthusiasm for reforms of social and material conditions. Yet to the last Mr. Williams kept his flag flying. The complete and final severance of Church and State may not be for to-day or to-morrow, but it is assuredly for the day after. But for the Establishment, our educational system would not have been stunted in its growth by theological controversies. Happily, the "thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." Not without deep significance is the fact that while Mr. Williams lay dying the Primate of All England was addressing a frantic appeal to churchmen not to treat Disestablishment as a matter of little or no importance, "as many of them are inclined to do." His Grace knows the trend of liberationist opinion in his own community much better than we do, and when he takes alarm, who shall despair?

We picked up on a bookstall the other day a little primer of Roman history which would make good reading for members of the House of Lords at the present moment. In describing the struggle between the

Patricians and Plebeians of Ancient Rome (Tempus 450 B.C.), the author, the Rev. M. Creighton, of Merton College, Oxford, says:—"The Patricians held out for their privileges as long as they could, but they learned to know when they were beaten, and when they could hold out no longer they gave way and tried to make the best of it." Here surely is an object lesson which the House of Peers would do well to study. Are they possessed of less political wisdom than their prototypes of Rome?

Despite his reported reformation, the following story is being told of our erratic Mr. Jim Crow. He and his wife were travelling home from Karlsbad the other day, and Jim suddenly turned to the lady and said, "My darling, are you quite sure that you are quite comfortable there? No draughts? No dust? Plenty of room for your legs?" Touched by this unwonted thoughtfulness, Mrs. Crow thanked him sweetly and said the seat was quite all right. "Very well then," quoth Jim, "I will sit there." And she meekly proceeded to take a back seat. We are afraid Jim is hopeless.

THE GREAT AIR-SHIP.

"Second to none," cried the constructor.

The War Office clerks even left their lunch to look at it.

"Rule Britannia!" cried the *Mail*. "Where are the Germans now?" asked the *Mirror*. "We beat the world in the race for the mastery of the air," declared the *Express*.

But when it became known that the "Nulli Secundus" was placed amongst the "also-busts" the mighty Press switched off to Atheistic Socialism.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AWARD No. 400.

For stating that "a trout 6½ lbs. weight and 24 inches long has been caught in the Hassop Estate waters by Mr. H. Barber, who has the shooting rights."

THE HIGH PEAK NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 401.

For inviting its readers to send in a line which must be "funny, sarcastic, witty, smart or clever."

LONDON OPINION
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 402.

For stating that Lord Montagu and others, "stripped to the waist, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, went to work in business-like fashion."

THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 403.

For announcing carpentry classes for women and millinery classes for men.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION COMMITTEE OF THE
CARSHALTON URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 404.

For announcing a series of concerts and other entertainments under the heading of "Distractions."

THE SOCIETY FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF
LAUSANNE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 405.

For awarding an elector who had specially attended the Revision Court to successfully resist an objection to his vote the sum of threepence for his costs and expenses.

THE ROMFORD REVISING BARRISTER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OUR MODEL LIMERICK COMPETITION.

Prizes to be apportioned by Our Own Readers.

No "Expenses." We add Ten per cent.

As our readers are aware, we have constantly exposed the dishonest character of the various Limerick competitions, which have now become a regular feature of so many of the weekly papers. We have shown not only that the highest prizes frequently go to some of the worst lines, but that, of necessity, no adequate consideration can be given to the work of the competitors. We do not, however, care to find fault with other people's schemes—especially when they are those of journalistic rivals—without being able to justify our position; and, inasmuch as our criticisms have called forth challenges as to how *we* would suggest that a Limerick competition should be conducted, we have decided to give our contemporaries a practical object lesson. Lest, however, it should be thought that we have any intention of emulating their policy by regularly adopting the Limerick, we desire to say at once that this is the only one we shall admit to our columns. We do not regard such so-called competitions as coming within the scope of legitimate journalism. Honestly carried out, they are harmless, if stupid; but to carry them out honestly means entailing an impossible strain upon the newspapers. Hence, they are all, in our opinion, dishonest. Indeed, it is to the interest of the papers to award prizes to the stupidest lines—thus encouraging ignorant persons to compete.

Our scheme is simple. We print elsewhere an unfinished Limerick—just as silly and insipid as the usual specimen. We invite our readers to supply the last line. Each attempt must be made in the coupon provided for the purpose. It must be accompanied by the proverbial sixpence. *Or three coupons may be sent for a shilling.* All the money so sent will be pooled; and, instead of deducting anything from it for "expenses," *we will add ten per cent. to it for the advertisement we get.* Then we will divide the fund, including our own contribution to it, amongst the competitors. How? Well, that will be decided by our readers. First, we shall publish, in a special supplement, *every line sent in.* There's another departure. Then we shall ask our readers, by means of a coupon supplied for the purpose, to vote as to the merits of such lines. When all the votes have been counted, we shall convert them into a table of percentages, and the whole of the money will be divided according to such table. Thus, assuming that, say, 100,000 votes are recorded, and that one line gets 10,000 votes, its author will receive ten per cent., or one-tenth of the fund. And so on. Lines which get no votes will receive nothing. Can anything be fairer? *We give you till SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH, to send in your idea of the best line to complete the verse on the coupon.* All lines sent in will be published in a special supplement to our issue of NOVEMBER 16TH. In that and the following issue will be published a Voting Coupon. *All votes must reach us by SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH.*

THE RESULT OF THE POLL WILL BE DECLARED
in our issue of
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21ST.

If the idea appeals to you, have a go. It may mean a little fortune for you—it may mean nothing. No, it must mean *something*—for, being human, you are pretty sure to vote for your own line.

For Limerick Coupon see page 3 of Cover.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**
For Breakfast & after Dinner

A POLITICAL LANTERN LECTURE.

Magic lantern lectures for working-men are to be provided by the National Union of Conservative Associations this winter. The following is an inspired forecast of one of the lectures:—

Gentlemen,—Our first slide shows the Working Man's "Home under a Liberal Government." Observe the fireless grate, the empty cupboard, the starved children. The good wife is stealing out to pawn the last fragments of her attire to procure bread. The old father is tottering forth to seek the shelter of the workhouse. All the furniture having been sold, the working-man is seated on the floor with his face buried in his hands. You can also hear him sigh, "Oh! my folly in turning out Mr. Balfour and Mr. Brodrick."

Next, gentlemen, I show you a more pleasing scene, "The Working Man's Home under a Conservative Government." See the roaring fire on the hearth, the large joint which the neatly-dressed housewife is taking from the oven, the plump, well-clad children, the foaming beer-jug on the table. Note particularly, gentlemen, the large size of the beer-jug. At the door you observe the old father receiving his pension of 10s. a week from a parental Government—the money, raised, my friends, by a duty on foreign manufactures which at once keeps them out of our markets and raises a tremendous revenue. All this plenty is due to the fact that the working-man—you see him there in the foreground listening to *his own* gramophone sing "Rule Britannia"—recognised that a little tax on his food was bound to make it more plentiful and much cheaper.

Now, gentlemen, I must show you a terrible picture, "The Working Man's Home under a Socialist Government." The open Bible is being snatched from the British workman by Mr. Blatchford, who is offering as a substitute the scurrilous *Clarion*. In the background you see Mr. Bernard Shaw enticing the working-man's wife from her husband. For these Socialistic fiends, gentlemen, would not only abolish the holy estate of matrimony, but would substitute something for it *even worse*. Outside the house you notice Mr. Victor Grayson, urging an excited crowd to demolish the workman's humble home. The figure in the background with the broken bottle in his hand is the infamous representative of the Colne Valley.

I come now to a deplorable scene. Alas, that such things should happen in Christian England! The picture shows us one of our venerable fathers of the Church standing at the altar. The beloved Bishop is being compelled by the Government to marry his own Deceased Wife's Sister. The figure to the right, with the Satanic smile of delight, is Mr. Birrell. I appeal to you as Englishmen—shall such things be?

Another sad scene, my friends. This is entitled "Eviction." The noble person sucking his walking-stick in the foreground—the one in the fur overcoat and motor goggles—is Lord Tomnoddy. At the bidding of a tyrannical Government he is leaving his ancestral halls—he cannot pay the infamous death duties. Notice in the background the weeping tenantry. The excellent Vicar of the parish is whispering words of heartfelt sympathy into his lordship's ears.

Now we come to a most important slide—a photographic reproduction of our great leader's important pronouncement on the fiscal question. H'm—the slide appears to be blank. It will be developed at an early date. In the meantime we may rally round it with enthusiasm.

As patriots I invite your close inspection of the next slide. The contemptible boy in this picture is the Under-Secretary for Colonial Affairs. He is shown in the very act of kicking the Colonial Premiers down the stairs of his office. No terminological inexactitude about this slide, gentlemen—it is an enlargement of a snap-shot taken by a Press Correspondent who was actually present. I ask you, are the ties of blood and affection which bind our Empire together to be severed at the bidding of a turncoat, young in years, but old in criminality?

Another patriotic slide, "The War Office under Mr. Brodrick." Mark the busy tailors bringing uniforms for the personal inspection of the organiser of victory. The noble figure holding a cap in each hand is that of Mr. Brodrick, the Napoleon of Pall Mall, the best friend Tommy Atkins ever had.

Now notice the contrast. Here we have "The War Office under Mr. Haldane." The stout gentleman asleep

in the arm-chair is the present Secretary for War. On sofas around him see the sleeping clerks. What a contrast to the bustling activity of the last picture. There are no soldiers shown in this slide, gentlemen, for the best of all reasons—nowadays we have no soldiers to show.

Finally, gentlemen, I give you a portrait slide. You will immediately recognise the figures depicted here. In the middle is our great leader, Mr. Balfour; to the right and left of him we see his eloquent and patriotic lieutenants, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Walter Long.

I beseech you to rally round these great men and the great cause they represent. Rally, my friends, round the great names of Religion and Truth, Love and Wedlock, Peerage and Property, Beer and Bible, Church and State, Homes and Altar, Elephant and Castle, Salmon and Gluckstein.

(Left rallying.)

LOVE

By JIM CROW.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

By my halidome, but I am embarking upon an even bolder enterprise than usual in discoursing upon a topic which has already engaged nearly every other philosopher. But my versatility and ingenuity are so great that I may possibly find something new to say upon a very old ailment.

LOVE SICKNESS.

In these elegant essays I often begin with a pompous enquiry as to the nature of the subject under review. If I were a monotonous person, I should ask: What is love? and then proceed to tell myself. Now, however, I have begun by giving the answer to the conundrum. Everybody knows that love is a malady. The symptoms are lassitude, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, intermittent fever, and defective visualisation. An ugly, stupid, vulgar, selfish person is visualised as comely, brilliant, refined, and benevolent. The disease is highly infectious. It can be conveyed not only by the mouth, but by the eyes and hands, by a wink or a nod, or a nudge or a squeeze. Violent attacks of kissing and hugging are not infrequent. Predisposing conditions are to be found in spring time, moonlight, rivers and forests. Dancing is also dangerous. The most susceptible age is that of adolescence, but the fits are then of shorter duration than in senescence, when they are milder, but more difficult to cure.

REMEDIES.

Some pessimists regard love as incurable, but palliatives undoubtedly exist, if not prophylactics. Puritan quacks have sought to segregate the sexes, to eliminate contributory pleasures, and to check natural impulses. But they have only succeeded in making matters worse. French parents have gone to the opposite extreme. Desiring, above all things, to encourage what they call marriages of reason, they wink at a surfeit of love in the young, prescribing left-handed alliances as a species of inoculation. The result may be a milder virus, but all redeeming romance is absent, and the character of the malady is accordingly more unpleasant. Probably the most successful treatment lies somewhere between the two methods, and I venture to recommend what might be called the fresh-air cure. This obtains in England, where common sense is more prevalent than in other countries.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF THE EPIDEMIC.

Love is a disease, I repeat, but it is a grateful and comforting one. I remember when I was at school, there was an epidemic of mumps, and many of the boys, when they found themselves sickening with plethoric cheeks, were invited by other boys to breathe into their mouths and communicate micro-organisms. That was not, perhaps, the exact formula of the request, but it amounted to that. Then, in a few days, the patient would be reclining in a downy bed in the sick-room and enjoying a surfeit of novels, jelly and beef-tea. I am not sure that even now, when I am a quadraginarian, I would refuse to have the virus of love breathed into my nostrils. The disease—like the milder forms of alcoholism—has its compensations. Whenever I feel an attack coming on, I groan, and beat my chest, and water my pillow. But I know I am in for a delightful experience. Among my acquaintances I number one journalist—thank the Lord, only one. He has one consolation in his dismal career. If he is about to be arrested for theft, or thrown over a precipice, or otherwise treated according to his deserts, he turns up smiling, and anticipates a new experience which can be transmuted into guineas. Simi-

larly, when the micro-organisms of love assail my vile body, I resign myself, and reflect that, though I am about to have a hard time, it may be a joy and an education.

LOVE AS A RITUAL.

For love is ritualistic. There is a very present shrine before which it is a privilege to bow. There are sacrifices and burned offerings to be paid in a reverent spirit. There are humiliations and mortifications to be endured with the oil of gladness. There are salutary periods of modesty, when unworthiness becomes a creed. There are terrible catechisms, self-inflicted. There are prayers and confessions, misereres and Te Deums, hymns and comminations. If you have faith as a grain of mustard-seed (otherwise insolent self-confidence) you know that all will come right, as it does in a novel. But if you once begin to doubt, the Lord help you, Didymus.

THE LOTTERY OF LOVE.

After all, one generally knows. There must be some predestination about the strange ecstasy which the microbe of love invariably engenders. You may know a woman all your life and remain on the most distant terms of punctilious amenity; then suddenly the veil is lifted, and you lament lost opportunities. Or you may see someone out of the corner of your eye in a ball-room or a garden, and you know at once that your fate is sealed. Sometimes, no doubt, you will make a mistake, particularly if you are very young or very old. But, as a rule, there is reciprocity. If love is not all-compelling, it does not deserve the name. Probably, in the whole wide world, there are about a million women with whom you or I would fall in love at first sight. That we do not do so is only due to the lottery of the lack of opportunity. And this, though unromantic, is true: in nearly every case the accident of the turn of the wheel will be justified. At the outset you love because the infection has chanced to catch you. Then the malady becomes chronic, the accident develops into a habit, or else the ritual of love acquires catholicity. According to the cocci of your nature you become either monophilous or polyphilous. (Those are rather nice words, which I have just invented on the spur of the moment, to the great enrichment of the language.)

THE MONOPHILOUS.

No doubt it is finer, purer, nobler, holier, and all the rest of it, to love only one person. But I am sometimes disposed to agree with the school-child, who defined monotony as living with only one wife. Endearments and caresses lose their charm when they are repeated in precisely the same way during a long period of years. On the other hand, there must be something very genuine about an affection which can endure so mechanical an atmosphere. It is the kind of love which thrives in a cottage, derives sufficient nutriment from a diet of bread, cheese and kisses, and, when the bailiffs come in at the door, resolutely refuses to fly out at the window. It may begin with calf-love, but it soon acquires the strength and patience of an ox, whose imagination it possibly fails to surpass.

THE POLYPHILOUS.

The opposite extreme is also unsatisfactory. It is all very well to say, like the man who boasted that he made advances to every woman, "Yes, I get a lot of snubs, but I get a lot of flirting." Flirting is no more nearly related to love than a hors d'œuvre is to a good square meal. The one may lead to the other, but, if persisted in too long, at last renders the other impossible. A confirmed flirt may easily come to be a mere Lothario, a Bel-ami, the kind of person who was described in a French play as "Monsieur veuf-tout-le-monde." He is a social cuckoo, a terror to husbands and fathers; worst of all, eventually a bore to the fair sex, whose whims should be his first consideration. It might be thought that vast experience would develop a perfect lover, but experience proves the reverse. For instance, what insufferable companions Casanova and Rousseau must have been!

LOVE OR MONEY.

The great thing is to prevent love from becoming sordid. French frogs talk about the beautiful eyes of the cash-box (les beaux yeux de la cassette), but money and love are different elements. One may support the other. A diplomatic person may contrive to love, not for money, but where money is. That is legitimate, but, if I may grow angry for once, I will say that there is nothing so foul and degrading and utterly disgusting as a mercenary marriage. Think of what marriage means. Think of the connubial breakfast, when people sulk over eggs and bacon. Think of the never-ending companionship with someone who does not even understand your small talk and your sorry jests. What a penance! What a purgatory! Give me even love in a cottage rather than the torture of indifference in a marble hall.

IN THE CITY.

RUSSIAN PETROLEUM COMPANIES.

It is not surprising that the British investor nowadays looks askance at Russian Petroleum Companies. The £7,000,000 of English investments in petroleum enterprises in the Caucasus have now a market value of less than £2,000,000. Most of these Companies took over going concerns, but nearly all owe their present position more or less to bad management, and this is particularly true of the Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Company. This Company was registered in 1897 with a capital of £1,200,000, and it possesses one of the finest oil fields the world has seen. For some years the Company was exceedingly prosperous. In 1898 it paid a dividend of 42 per cent. upon its ordinary capital, carrying forward £113,513. In 1900 it paid 50 per cent., and then the dividends began to tumble. In 1902 the rate was 15 per cent., in 1903 5 per cent., in 1904 2½ per cent. Since then nothing. At one time the shares were sold as high as 60s. To-day they can be bought for less than 4s., and a strange feature of the position is that this disappearance of profits has not been due to falling prices. Very often a company is prosperous for a number of years, then prices drop, or raw material goes up, and the result is dividends passed. But in the year when the company paid a dividend at the rate of 42 per cent.—that is, for 1898—the market price of crude oil at Baku was 9.22 copecks the pood. For 1905, the first year for which the dividend was passed, the price was 19.93; for last year, when no dividend was paid, it was 25.56; and the market price to-day is 32 copecks, or considerably more than three times as much as when the company was earning a 42 per cent. dividend.

Nor can it be said that the board is merely an ornamental one, or not calculated to inspire confidence. Lord Stalbridge was its first chairman. Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone (of the firm of Ogilvy, Gillanders and Co.) was on the board, and so was Sir James Kitson, and, for the most part, the original directors remain. But in 1899 the directors made a departure from the course of business foreshadowed in the prospectus, and entered into a disastrous contract with the Royal Dutch Company and another company called the Baku Company, for the supply to them of Russian oil, not as an out-and-out purchase, but under a pooling arrangement. And, notwithstanding the chairman's denial, the company entered into a partnership with the Royal Dutch Company for joint trading in the Far East, under the title of the Eastern Oil Association. Other new alliances were entered into against the protest of the experienced general manager of the company, Mr. Tweedy, with the result that they have bled the company pretty well to death.

The whole history of the company will be found set out in very moderate language, but in a very exhaustive way, in a pamphlet just issued by a shareholder, entitled "The Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Company." We commend this pamphlet, with its appendix, to the careful consideration of the very large body of shareholders—some 4,000. The holdings of about 1,200 of these are below £50, and of about 600 below £100, so that it may be reasonably assumed that the shareholders are, in an exceptional degree, persons who can ill afford to bear the losses that are thrown upon them by the passing of dividends. The difficulties in which the company finds itself would seem to be largely due to the fact that the interests of the directors are conflicting. Be that as it may, we agree with the writer of the pamphlet that there should be an independent investigation into the position and management of the company. It has a very valuable property, and, in the opinion of those best able to form a judgment, it is still possible for sagacious management to restore it to something like its old prosperity.

THE BRITISH INVESTMENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Judge Thomas, of Liverpool, deserves the thanks of the public for his unsparing exposure of the methods of companies run upon the lines of the British Investment Assurance Company, Limited. The promoter was Mr. Partell, managing director of a similar concern known as the British Equitable Bond and Mortgage Corporation. Mr. Partell associated with himself a Mr. Marsh, and between them have created the British Investment Assurance Company. They had nothing to sell, but they purported to sell to the Company the right to the system upon which it was to work, and for this they were to receive £5,000 in cash

and £30,000 in shares, and were to be appointed managing directors at £1,000 a year each. For the Board they got hold of an Earl, Lord Essex, and a Marquis, he of Queensberry, and registering under the laws of Guernsey, they set to work. Judge Thomas described the usual business of these companies in his judgment:—

They sell bonds, generally of the face value of £50, payable by monthly instalments of 5s. for a specified number of years. In the case of this company the period was 12½ years, so that the buyers of £50 bonds would pay in £37 10s., and at the end of the 12½ years would be entitled to £50. But there was also a provision under which from time to time drawings were to take place, and the lucky bondholder whose bond was drawn was to have his £50 at once. This is the element, Judge Thomas remarks, that "constitutes the distinctive feature of these companies, and which forms their special attraction." To those whose bonds are not drawn there is no attraction. The whole system is unsound, and if all the bondholders continued their payments throughout the whole 12½ years they could not receive £50 each at the end of the period. But they do not all continue their payments. Those who stop payment lose what they have deposited. Those who withdraw by agreement receive less than they paid in. And further, income is derived from fines. Any success there may be depends upon these three sources of profit, and the judge says "all those who invest in them or become bondholders in them must make their profits out of the losses of others."

We commend the history of this concern, and the judge's remarks upon it, to Mr. Lloyd George.

THE POSITION ON THE RAND.

The position in the Transvaal remains very anomalous. Admittedly its prosperity depends upon the mining industry. Whatever may be the case in years to come when there has been a great agricultural development, to-day Johannesburg is as dependent upon the mines as in the days of the Republic. If they are doing well, then it might be supposed that things in Johannesburg would hum, even as they did before the raid and the war. But this is not the case. The mines are thriving, many of them. Johannesburg is, if not exactly starving, in the throes of an economic crisis. The output from the mines is larger than ever it was, the profits are larger, and there are thousands of men in Johannesburg who cannot get work, and who only remain in the country because they cannot get out of it. Take the monthly reports of the mining companies for last month. In September the Robinson made a net gain of nearly £78,000, and the cost per ton works out at 16s. 8d. The Crown Reef made £21,000 and the costs per ton were 18s. 6d., as against 21s. 9d. for the year ended March 31st last. The New Modderfontein made £11,000, the Angelo, Cason, and Kleinfontein Companies made large profits. The Knight's Deep output increased to £22,600, the Robinson Deep to £39,600. The Ferreira Deep's profit was £36,000, and costs were less than 18s. per ton, as against 20s. at the beginning of the year. Instances of decreased output are few, and the increase in costs caused by labour difficulties which has been made so much of in the case of the Glen Deep has since been stripped of much of its significance. The mines are doing well, but the general community does not seem to benefit. Why? The reason, no doubt, is that no new mines are being opened up. The existing mines, or many of them, are doing better than ever, but capital is not being spent upon new developments. This, no doubt, is partly explained by doubt as to what will happen when the Chinese are sent out of the country. But there is nothing in the record of General Botha and his leading colleagues, to warrant the belief that they are inimical to the mining interest, that they will not assist it, in one way or another, to secure and maintain a sufficiency of labour; that they will treat the mining interest unfairly in the matter of taxation and the rest. Altogether it would seem as if Mr. J. B. Robinson has a good deal to go upon in justification of his recent sanguine forecasts.

GLANAMMAN ANTHRACITE COLLIERIES, LIMITED.

A correspondent, writing from Maidstone, complains of the number of circulars he and friends of his have received from the promoters of this concern. He writes:—

Mr. Palmer, the secretary, is also Secretary of the Petersfield Brick Company and other kindred companies. A friend of mine unfortunately invested £400 in the Brick Company, thinking debentures were secure, and they went into liquidation almost immediately. Mr. Palmer's office is well worth a visit. There are many interesting things there, including a wonderful wheel which is to make the fortunes of all who subscribe to the Company when it is floated.

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GOVERNORS AND COMPANIES.

In the course of his speech at the meeting of the Ceylon Company of the Pearl Fishers, the Chairman, Sir J. West Ridgeway, took occasion to refer to Lord Elgin's recent circular on the question of ex-Governors and the directorship of Trading Companies. We directed attention to this circular at the time of its appearance. Sir West Ridgeway seems to think it was uncalled for. It was a very mild circular, much too mild in point of fact. For what had induced it? More than one ex-Governor of Colonies and Indian Provinces had become associated with Companies of a highly speculative character. They had been made Chairmen and Directors of these Companies, and their names were used to persuade the public that the Companies themselves were substantial concerns certain to do well. Sir West Ridgeway apparently sees nothing to object to in this. To quote from his speech:—

What is the objection—Indian governors may become directors of banks and railways in territories which they once administrated. Indian high officials may become directors of the railway companies which they used to control before retirement in their official capacity. Under Secretaries of State and members of the permanent Civil Service may be directors of banks and other concerns, and even ex-Cabinet ministers may resume the directorates which they resigned when they took office. Why should a different measure be meted out to ex-governors?

There is no different measure, and Sir West Ridgeway must know it. The scandal—for it was nothing else—which Lord Elgin's circular was intended to stop was the use of the names of men high in the Civil Service for the purpose of inducing the public to go into highly speculative ventures commended by glowing statements in which there was very little truth. No sensible man would object to Sir West Ridgeway, or anybody else, joining, say, the Board of the London and North-Western Railway Company, or the Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company, or the Bank of England—if he could get here. The objection is to the Companies we have named; Companies, we must add, with some of which Sir West Ridgeway is himself associated.

Let us take the objection raised to his interest in the Ceylon Company of Pearl Fishers. He was a promoter, and he is the chairman of that Company. His connection with it was objected to on the ground that there were very sharp differences of opinion in Ceylon as to the advisability of the Government of that Colony leasing the Fisheries to the Company. It was asserted by representative men that the thing was a job, that the Company had got a lease upon terms that were unfair to the Colony, and that backstairs influence had been used to get it. Now we are not for a moment suggesting that these allegations were true, or that the transaction was one that anyone connected with it need be ashamed of. But what we do say is this; that almost immediately before formal negotiations were entered into between the promoters of the Company and the Colony Sir West Ridgeway was Governor of Ceylon, and that it was not a right and proper thing for him to use his influence, and to become financially interested in a scheme of the kind about which very unpleasant things were being said. And so with other Rubber Companies and the like with which Sir West Ridgeway and other ex-Governors are connected, and which have their properties in British Colonies with which these Governors have been associated. We say that it is highly undesirable that such prospectuses should be put before the public backed by the authority and prestige of ex-Governors. Sir West Ridgeway's observations quoted above in no way meet this complaint, and if he and others do not see the propriety of abstaining from joining in speculative ventures of the kind we have described, or recognise the difference between such ventures and seats upon the board of great banking or insurance companies, then it will be for the Colonial Office to issue instructions of a more peremptory kind than any as yet sent out.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NITRATE FACTS.—H. W. (Brighton).—You will find the facts you want in "Nitrate Facts and Figures, 1907," an authoritative pamphlet published by Messrs. O. Mathieson and Sons, of 54, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

CEYLON COMPANY OF PEARL FISHERIES.—SHAREHOLDER (Bedford).—We should hold, and we think you might increase your holding without much risk. The "catches," upon which profits rest, vary very much, but with the more scientific methods brought to bear by the Company, the variations in receipts will be less than in the past, and, whatever may be the case with the Colony, the Company is likely to make a good thing out of its lease.

UNITED STATES STEEL.—M. C. (Bristol).—You should have sold when we advised you to sell some months ago. Even now we do not think the fall is over.

PARAGAS.—W. F. (Durham).—Our advice would be to keep out of them. We have heard that talk about their going to £5 before long. In our judgment they are much more likely to show further fall. The latest reports are not re-assuring as to those wonderful discoveries that sent the shares up to over £2.

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BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.—E. H. L. (Beacombe).—We cannot advise you to do so. H. A. (Liverpool).—Yes, we certainly think you must "abide by what they say." We see nothing in the correspondence you send us of which you can reasonably complain. We return the two documents you forwarded with your letter.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—W. J. T. (Willesden).—We are obliged to you. You will see a reference to the matter in the next column.

THE WORKMEN'S LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—J. L. (Brixton).—Have nothing to do with it.

UNITED KINGDOM INVESTMENT CO.—"KNOCKOUT" (Manchester).—(1) The answer is in the negative. (2) Have nothing to do with Penwyoming shares or any other wild-cat Yankee companies.

J. R. ROBERTS, LTD.—D. R. (Hackney Road).—If you can get anybody to take them off your hands, do so.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.—"AQUA" (Maldon).—We do not expect to see Canadian Pacific "down to 155 or even 150."

MAJESTIC INSURANCE CO.—T. E. B. (Redhill).—The answer to both your questions is in the affirmative.

REFUGEE INSURANCE CO.—J. W. H. (Halifax).—We have no doubt the company would treat you fairly. We do not think you could go far wrong in accepting the agent's offer.

FELTHAM'S BANK.—A. J. P. (Lambeth Road).—Have nothing to do with this concern. We are obliged to you for your information as to Sidney Smith.

LINOTYPE AND MACHINERY SHARES.—L. H. (Redhill).—No, we cannot recommend a purchase of these shares, nor those of Cassell and Co. As to the latter, we have heard that the management is becoming a little more up-to-date, but we have no good evidence of it.

HALIFAX PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. B. S. (Hall).—We have no reason to doubt the stability of the society.

EMPIRE GUARANTEE AND INSURANCE CORPORATION.—W. M. (Ogmore Vale).—No.

THE CONSOLIDATED GOLD TRUST.—H. S. S. (Cricklewood).—The answer is in the negative.

THE IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—H. A. G. (Moseley).—We have read through your very lengthy letter and we cannot help you in the matter. It seems to us that the society refused you as they had the right to do because they thought you were a very contentious person, or as you put it, a person of "an enquiring mind," and that you were better out of the society than in it. We are not suggesting that their view of the matter is the right one, but there it is, and nothing that we can do would induce the society to accept you. "IDEAL" (Sheffield).—Yes, we think so.

TWO BANKS.—H. R. H. (Wolverhampton).—Our recommendation would be the Birkbeck Bank.

INVESTMENT OF £3,000.—H. S. (London).—We think there would be no difficulty in increasing the yield from your securities by judicious change so that they will bring you in an average of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., more than they do at the present time.

THE ENGINEERING AND GENERAL CONTRACT, LTD.—"SCOTTIE" (Bayswater).—We think not.

BRASILIAN RUBBER PLANTATIONS.—L. A. F. (Glasgow).—There is no doubt that this promotion is open to very serious criticism, but we question whether the Committee to which you refer will be able to mend matters.

TRANSFER OF CERTIFICATE.—R. C. T. (We think you will be well advised.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—"FREYOOD" (Lyme Regis).—(1) It is a sound concern. (2) The other institution to which you refer is comparatively young, but we have no reason to suppose that it is not solvent.

MORTGAGES ON PROPERTY.—"MORTGAGE" (Heathfield).—A good deal, of course, depends upon the character of the property and the margin upon it. Nowadays, so far as much old house property in London goes, the margin requires to be wide. Any further mortgage by the owner would not, of course, prejudice you as the holder of the first mortgage.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—A. W. (Old Leam).—You ask us if "the enclosed is a safe investment," but you do not send us "the enclosed." Perhaps you will do so, and we will answer you to the best of our ability.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO PREP.—H. H. (Newhaven).—We do not answer questions of writers who object to give us their names. **LONDONER (London).**—We are obliged by the circular you send us with its veiled threats, but we are afraid we cannot help in the matter.

SOUTH AMERICAN MINING CO.—A. T. (Cambridge).—We have none.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—G. D. (Middlesbrough).—We note that you have a Bond for £25 for which you would take £20. If any reader would like it we will put him into communication with you.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—O. (Llanillyfni).—If you read JOHN BULL you must know that we constantly advise our readers to have nothing to do with these people.

HUDSON BAYS.—"DEPRESSED" (New Wandsworth).—We should hold and not bother overmuch about the land sales, which will come out all right.

ROYAL HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—T. C. (Dumbarton).—The waste-paper basket is the place for such documents. We thank you for your kindly reference to JOHN BULL.

PREMIUM BONDS.—"BONDS" (Tooting Common).—You have omitted to send us your name and address. J. F. M. (Glasgow).—Your interpretation is correct.

LIQUIDATION RESULTS.—L. E. D. (Eden Grove).—Please send us the full name of the company.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—"FIDELIUS" (Woking).—We know nothing against them.

MARGINAL INVESTMENTS.—"TAURUS" (Halifax).—Have nothing to do with marginal investments or with Arnold and Butler, of 124, Holborn.

HOMESTEADS, LIMITED.—R. H. T. (New Forest).—It is a perfectly sound and genuine concern.

LODDON DEEP LEADS.—H. P. L. (Kensington).—We hear excellent accounts of the prospects.

SPASKEY COPPER.—"REMORSE" (Nottingham).—We hear glowing accounts of the prospects, but have no special knowledge.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—"CLARE" (London), M.C. (Brighton), and "TRENT" (Birmingham).—We had satisfactory references from these people before accepting their recent advertisement, but do not, of course, guarantee them.

CARTER'S DEEP LEADS.—"TAFY" (Sarnes).—We understand that important developments are pending.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—W. L. (Bradford).—Have nothing to do with these people.

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SHAMS.

MR. TAVERNER AND OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

We have from time to time warned the public against being misled by statements made at the instance of Mr. Wm. Taverner, and a correspondent now sends us a form of application for membership issued by the National Old-Age Pension Trust, of which Mr. Taverner is Founder and Controller. On the other side of the form those whom it concerns are told that "the problem of old-age pensions is solved at last"; that the Trust has been formed "to provide old-age pensions for all persons of 60 years of age and upwards"; that "10s. is now being paid every week to every eligible member on the books"; that "no medical certificate is required"; and among many other things that this scheme "will be a national blessing and is worthy of national support." Of course to anyone who gives the matter serious and intelligent consideration there can be only one conclusion. Here is a man who has no title to be considered a person of genius, and whose record is, to say the least, not conducive to present confidence, claiming that he has solved a problem which is taxing the minds of some of our most eminent public men, not one of whom has ever pretended to say that he has discovered a scheme—a practicable, workable scheme—by which every man who needs it and is over 60 years of age can be certain for the rest of his life of 10s. a week. But then the public unfortunately are impressed by blatant assertions, and a good many we fear have been induced to believe the ridiculous statements put forward by Mr. Taverner.

Now, some time ago this person induced some very respectable gentlemen to join something like his present scheme; but being honourable and conscientious men they were not satisfied with his statements, and they requested an eminent actuary—a fellow of the Institute of Actuaries—Mr. Thos. S. Ackland, to report upon the scheme. We have before us his report, which deals exhaustively with Mr. Taverner's proposals. Our space will only enable us to give the concluding paragraph. Here it is:—

Summing up the conclusions generally arrived at in the report, I am of opinion that whether regarded strictly from the actuarial point of view or upon the basis of working proposed by the founder, that properly investigated it is impossible to anticipate anything but a complete financial failure for the scheme, and I therefore strongly advise the trustees to proceed no further in the matter, but to take the earliest practicable steps to wind up the Trust, and return the net amounts advanced by the subscribers up-to-date.

This was done so far as that particular scheme was concerned, and the gentlemen who obtained the report retired from all further connection with the venture. Since then Mr. Taverner has insisted upon going on upon his own account. He professes to attach no importance to Mr. Ackland's report. Which is the more likely to be right—the eminent actuary or Mr. William Taverner? We leave our readers to say.

"A.S.R.S."

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the railway workshops passed
A man, who bore midst bench and vice
A banner, with this strange device,

"A.S.R.S."

"Go not so fast" the faint hearts cried;
"Our great directors burst with pride,
"Stay here and rest, their time abide."
Right down the track a voice replied,
"A.S.R.S."

"Press on comrade," the stalwarts shout,
"Fling back the haughty tyrant's flout,
"Be not dismayed, be not distraught,
"Although the path with danger's fraught—
"A.S.R.S."

"I'll trifle not," the pilgrim said,
"Though all the signals blaze with red,
"The Right shall win, oppression rout,"
And loud the clarion BELL rang out
"A.S.R.S."

A. E. WHITTERIDGE.

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See page 390.

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J. 26.10.07

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Sonny Chamberlain, The Nursery, Highbury, Birmingham.

My Dear Boy,—I have the honour to welcome you to this vale of tears. You have the advantage of having chosen a successful father and a brilliant grandfather, and though, of course, I have no right of interference in the matter, I suggest they should call you Joseph. It is a name well-known in Parliamentary and Tariff Reform circles, and it is also Biblical.

Like all the rest of the family, I suppose that if you can't get what you want, you will make a scream about it. It is all very well to make a noise in the world, of course, but don't do it in the silent midnight watches, when your father wants to sleep; also keep your pinky-winkies out of your mouth, and leave other people's hair alone. Practise pulling their legs instead—daddy will show you how to do it.

I do not know your trend of political thought, but let me say at once that I am of the opinion of Mrs. Sarah Grand, who herself was the author of "Heavenly Twins," that proper principles should be spanked into the youth of the country while they are yet in the nursery. And proper principles, I may inform you, may be defined as those which are professed by your father and grandfather, who have promised and vowed three things in your name; first, that you should renounce Campbell-Bannerman and all his works; second, that you shall take no other gods to worship than those you may happen on at Highbury; and third, that you should cultivate the love of yourself, your fellow men, and orchids. All other principles are utterly pernicious, cannot be tolerated, and ought to be abolished.

One of these days I hope to have the honour of your personal acquaintance. Meanwhile, make the most of your nursery. I can assure you that, though you live to be as old as Methuselah, you will never find a happier or cosier place in all the world. You are there to be cuddled. If you become a politician, you will leave it to be kicked.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Justice Lord Coleridge.

M'Lud,—Hearty good wishes on your appointment to the King's Bench. Be as good a judge as your father, and you will be a good enough judge for me. Already you know some law and have had some practice as Commissioner of Assize. Moreover, you are a popular appointment at the Bar. You have neither aroused resentment nor excited jealousy. You should be able, therefore, to make a capital start in the permanent seat of justice.

I recall the time when, as member for Attercliffe, you declined, on your father's death, to go to the House of Lords till you were declared incompetent to sit in the House of Commons. You didn't want to be a lord, but as you couldn't help it, you continued to work for your living. It seemed very shocking to some people that you, a peer of the realm, should continue your practice at the Bar; but you have a will of your own, and setting precedent and convention aside, you went your way. I am glad you did. If you had allowed yourself to be shunted from the Bar when you were shunted into the House of Lords, you would not now be on the Bench. You would have been small potatoes and very few in the row.

One word of advice. Don't join the ranks of the judicial humorists, for counsel and litigants regard that rôle as no joke. Leave the clowns to their clowning, and illuminate the law with the light of courtesy, dignity, and patience.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Radast, Geneva.

My Dear Doctor,—I notice that you have been telling the Swiss Society of Odontology that, in your opinion, colour is an anæsthetic. Pain, in fact, can be conquered by colour. You live where the watches come from; so pray forgive me if I take your views on tick. What you say to the Swiss, I am almost inclined to tell the marines. Teeth, you tell us, can be drawn without causing the patient the smallest pain; providing he gazes at a blue light. I should like to ask if you see any green.

JOHN BULL.

To Colonel Capper, Airship Department, War Office.

Valiant Sir,—How's poor "Nulli Secundus" since it broke its back, burst its gas bag, and ruptured its steering gear? I had the pleasure of seeing you and the American

gentleman called Cody sailing over Cheapside, and I took refuge in a doorway till you had passed. You see, I was wearing a new hat.

It used to be questioned whether any good could come out of Nazareth. Similarly, I doubt whether anything good will ever come out of the War Office—but I *did* think they would be all right when it came to gas bags.

JOHN BULL.

To Monsieur Jolibois, Secretary, Municipal Council, Paris.

Mon Cher Jolly Boy,—During your short visit to London with your colleagues of the Paris Municipal Council you appear to have achieved considerable popularity. You have had a joke for everyone you met and for everything you saw, from the Beekeepers to the slaughter-houses, and from Henry VIII. to Billingsgate fish; but you do not appear to have received an answer to your query why Henry VIII. chopped off the heads of so many wives. *Entre nous*, the reason was that he wanted a complete separation.

I hope you enjoyed yourself thoroughly, the weather notwithstanding. As M. Cambon, the genial Ambassador of your country to ours, remarked at le lor maire's luncheon, the friendship of the two nations is independent of either the barometer or of politics. I am not so sure about the politics, but if French friendship won't stand English weather there will soon be a rupture in the *Entente Cordiale*.

Anyhow, keep coming over as long as you can, and bring all your friends with you. Pleased to see them and you any time, also Madame Jolibois and all the little Jolibois, if any. The wine of the country ranges from twos of beer to fours of whisky, and the food is warranted satisfying. Should like to arrange for your seeing an English summer on your next visit, but I must have ample notice. The truth is, Providence has been rather mixing up our seasons of late, and we dunno' where we are. Je vous prie d'agréer, cher jolly boy, l'expression de mes meilleurs sentiments.

JACQUES TAUREAU.

To Rev. A. Edmund King, Vicar of St. Philip's, Sydenham.

Reverend Sir,—I have been reading a letter of yours in regard to the Deceased Wife's Sister Act—"Bill" you still call it. You say, "It is against the best sentiment and traditions of our country." This is one of those pious opinions which defy analysis. What is "best sentiment," and what bearing has "tradition" on the matter? For thousands of years every reform in regard to anything has conflicted with tradition. Then you proceed: "It is illogical, for it does not permit marriage with a sister-in-law's daughter." Really, my dear sir, I have no objection, providing the lady in question is of marriageable age; if you think it should be done, why not get some of your friends in Parliament to bring in an Amending Bill? Then, "It is opposed to Scripture, which prohibits a woman from marrying her brother-in-law." I daresay you are fairly conversant with Leviticus, and therefore I ask, are there no other mandates which have slipped your memory? How far are we to be forever bound with Hebrew old clothes, as Carlyle termed them? "By marriage two become one, and the ties of consanguinity and affinity are of equal value." This very pious opinion is rubbish. "It alters the table of prohibited degrees (1), and makes another grave departure between the law of the Church and the law of the land." It is the duty of all to acknowledge the law of the land, but the law of the Church is in a different category. You can please yourself about it. "We believe the law will soon be a dead letter, and such marriages considered at least doubtful and possibly not very creditable"!! You may be technically right in keeping me from marrying in "your" church, but who are you, anyway, that your *ipse dixit* should go forth throwing a slur on the lives and reputation of good men and women? Outside "your" church you have no right to throw insults at people whose lives may be infinitely better than your own. After all, morality is very much a matter of geography, and "the crimes of Clapham are chaste at Montaubon." As to your final threat, in regard to re-marriage of divorced parties, to have "your" church locked, and to "go to Brighton or Margate for a pleasant little holiday," well—if that is new theology, give me the old. "If the Church and the State conflict," you say, "then the Church before the State." Now, you see that they *do* conflict—so why not sever all connection, and let each run "on its own"?

JOHN BULL.

THE CHURCH SCANDAL—AT HOME AND ABROAD.



HAVE NOT WE ALSO LOST SOME
PRICELESS TREASURES FROM
OUR CHURCH?

THE FRENCH CHURCH HAS JUST BEEN ROBBED OF VALUABLE RELICS.

A GRANDSON OF GEORGE IV.

By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

Illegitimate, of course. But nevertheless a grandson. The old boy was seventy last year when he died. Who his grandmother was, except that her name was Caroline Lacey, he knew not—but then his Most Gracious Majesty King George IV. distributed his favours somewhat indiscriminately. This grandson—whose name, by the way, was George Lacey Fitz-George, the same as his father's—bore a striking likeness to the last pictures taken of the King. His life had not been free from care, for in his old age his three children served him very badly, and left him to shift for himself. Fitz-George had done his duty by his offspring and had brought them up well, giving them a good education, which included a thorough course of music, for he himself was a capital musician, and, besides teaching music, had composed several songs in his younger days. I forget now how I first came to know him, but fancy it was at one of the South Coast watering-places, when, walking along the promenade, a friend called out to me "Fitz," and Fitz-George and I both turned. Later we must have met and recalled the incident, for we got quite friendly, and then he told me the history of his birth, and proved it by showing me a letter in the King's handwriting to "Dearest Caroline," and signed "George," The Pavilion, Brighton. He also told me many things that made it quite probable, if not possible, that what he said was perfectly credible. An instance occurred when he was about twenty-five that lent colour to his story. He had just had his first song published—by Robert Cocks and Co., I think he said—and he was justly proud of it, and carried a copy with him wherever he went, managing unostentatiously to get the song on the piano with his other music. It happened one day that he was asked to go to a large mansion somewhere near Hyde Park to give a lesson to one of his young lady pupils who had gone there on a visit to her aunt, a titled lady. While giving the lesson, with the aunt in the drawing-room, the Duchess of — was announced, and Fitz-George, having nearly completed his lesson, rose to gather up his music in order to depart, just as the Duchess entered. Fitz-George's song was open in his hand. The Duchess stopped and gently took the song from him. "Who is Mr. Fitz-George?" she inquired. "I am he," was the answer. She was a very old lady and rather tottery, and she read aloud: "George Lacey Fitz-George," and gave a slight sigh as she scrutinised the young composer very slightly, and yet earnestly. "Give me your address," she said, and he wrote it down.

He returned to his humble lodgings. The next day he was startled to see, as he stood at his window, still half-feverish with excitement, a beautiful carriage drive up to the house.

Fitz-George's landlady came rushing up the stairs, panting and out of breath, with a letter in her hand.

"I was afraid—anxious—and I know not what," Fitz-George said to me when relating the incident, "but at last I summoned up courage to do the only thing necessary to find out what the mystery was. There really was a mystery which I have never been able to solve—and yet there was none. The envelope contained a banknote for a hundred pounds. And—well, it set me up in life. Not only that, I got so much work to do as a teacher thenceforward that I moved into a more fashionable quarter close to Regent Street, and made a very comfortable income. I think the Duchess must have recommended me."

Fortune favoured him after the arrival of the hundred-pound note. He married and settled down and prospered, but he could never trace the why or the wherefore of the Duchess's beneficence. Did she know his grandfather—was she his grandmother? He could never discover.

Once, after a very severe illness, brought about chiefly through the sudden death of his wife—and he thought he himself was going to follow her—he called his three grown-up children, two girls and a boy, to his bedside and divided all his personal estate equally between them. Then, quite unexpectedly, he recovered, not altogether to the satisfaction of his offspring. He had no means left, and his health was so shattered that he could not settle to anything; and so, all his children being married, he lived first with one and then with the other, four months at a time. But they made existence under their roofs unbearable, although they had got all his money; and more in sorrow than in anger he left them all, to go their own gait while he went his.

At the age of sixty, when I got intimate with him, he was homeless and feeble, and lived chiefly by playing accompaniments on the piano at smoking concerts and teaching children the five-finger exercise.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. BULL.

BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS FOR THOUGHTS.

When important personages make presents of books, the volumes are almost invariably exquisitely bound. A Spanish regiment has just had an album made for presentation to King Edward, who is honorary Colonel. It seems to be a truly splendid offering, ornamented in steel with mountings of gold, silver and enamel. King Edward himself has recently given a beautifully bound Bible to the oldest church in America, President Roosevelt contributing the lectern on which it is to stand. The volume was handed over to the church the other day by the Bishop of London, on behalf of His Majesty. A considerable amount of high-class book-binding has been from time to time ordered by the King from women workers in this art. The Guild of Women Bookbinders—now defunct—did for him the visitors' book at Sandringham, a regal volume of great size, bound in purple morocco and decorated elaborately with His Majesty's arms and other emblems.

Bookbinding is a pleasant hobby for women, though it requires a certain amount of physical strength. It is, unfortunately, almost impossible as a profession. For one thing, the Trades Union is very strong, and refuses to admit women to its ranks—a grave practical disadvantage. The men workers serve a long apprenticeship, girls being taught only to do the sewing of the volume. This work can be done every whit as well by a young girl after a few months practice, as by an adult woman who has been years in the business. Work of such a description is invariably poorly paid, and this is the only branch of the bookbinding trade that women are taught to do in the workshops. However, a few young ladies possessed of sufficient capital have opened businesses of their own, and succeed fairly well.

The most attractive part of the work, from an artistic point of view, is not the actual binding, but the final decoration of the cover. A thoroughly ornate book has the insides of both front and back covers as carefully ornamented as is the exterior, while a fly-leaf of watered silk is substituted for ordinary common-place paper. Often a couple of months' work can be put into the decoration of quite a small book, while a large presentation volume may need steady labour for half a year or more, ere it is completed. Naturally, abnormally large sums are paid, £50 being quite an ordinary sort of price. Of course, a large piece of fine leather is worth pounds to begin with, while the actual value of the gold used in the decoration is often still more considerable.

BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS FOR OURSELVES.

There is much to chronicle in the World of Dress at this time of the year. It is delightful to once again behold freshness and novelty after the many weeks when even the best shops are devoted to after-season sales, and exhibit windows full of more or less tumbled specimens of the fashions that have had their day and passed.

Every year, as the oncoming cold weather causes velvet to once again make its appearance, it seems that the colours and shades of this charming material are more exquisite than ever before. Some truly beautiful russet and autumnal tints are being produced now, so rich and delightful in themselves that the make of the gown really seems a matter of secondary importance. Indeed, simplicity of style is always more suitable for velvet dresses than is great elaboration and much fussiness and detail. It is such an artistic, softly-falling material that it looks charming, and, moreover, quite up to date and fashionable when made in picturesque designs that would look peculiar were any other less artistic material employed.

The still popular pinafore design makes up particularly well in velvet. I saw a most attractive model of this type composed of a rich plum-coloured velvet. The trained skirt was rather closely gathered round the back and sides of the waist, its only decoration being a couple of tucks at the foot. The semi-pouched bodice was worn over a yoke and long sleeves of thick, coffee-coloured lace, the design of which was daintily embroidered here and there with a pale heliotrope silk. The pinafore straps that went over the shoulders were composed of lattice-work of velvet, through which the under-bodice of lace was prettily visible. The lace yoke and sleeves were quite separate, and another set made of delicate white embroidery was provided to vary the costume. Another bodice made in the same style came almost up to the neck, and had epaulettes of the velvet. From beneath this appeared a collar and perfectly tight-fitting rucked sleeves of a precisely similar tone of gleaming Liberty silk.

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B69491 C.P.	25	10	0	C21062 Miss J.G.	20	15	0	C22060 F.S.G.	00	0	0
B69499 H.N.	31	13	4	C21076 W.B.	40	0	0	C22087 F.S.G.	100	0	0
B69532 F.S.G.	50	0	0	C21086 J.F.W.	40	0	0	C22130 W.J.C.	25	15	0
B69585 F.G.	05	0	0	C21087 W.H.	20	0	0	515 F.S.G.	00	0	0
B69587 H.N.	30	0	0	C21093 J.J.	20	0	0	525 W.H.P.	24	0	7
B69594 C.K.T.A.	20	0	0	C21094 D.R.	30	0	0	531 Mrs. B.D.	00	0	0
B69611 H.J.P.	05	0	0	C21096 J.F.	30	0	0	533 J.B.K.	20	0	0
B69620 H.J.P.	00	0	0	C21119 G.E.H.	25	2	0	547 F.S.G.	05	0	0
B69643 R.A.S.	37	0	0	C21144 J.C.	20	0	0	553 Miss H.E.	20	0	0
B69645 W.W.T.	72	0	0	C21160 M.D.C.	20	0	0	562 G.M.L.	23	0	0
B69646 G.S.F.	30	0	0	C21176 D. McV.	20	0	0	564 Miss E.H.	20	0	0
B69647 R.M.	30	0	0	C21182 W.T.	25	15	0	568 J.W.P.	00	0	0
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B69684 R.A.S.	30	0	0	C21226 P.G.	20	0	0	584 F.C.H.	23	0	0
B69690 S.H.	27	10	0	C21238 W.E.W.	20	0	0	596 G.C.	33	15	0
B69692 A.J.	75	0	0	C21239 Miss M.E.A.	47	10	0	618 H.R.	20	0	0
C20733 S.H.	47	10	0	C21322 H.G.P.	20	0	0	615 F.S.G.	20	0	0
C20785 R.A.S.	25	0	0	C21757 W.B.	35	0	0	C22141 J.A.W.	21	17	0
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C20810 N.H.	20	0	0	C21786 G.H.H.	245	0	0	C22187 R.M.	20	0	0
C20823 H.J.P.	20	0	0	C21833 Lady M.	40	0	0	C22197 R.A.S.	41	5	0
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C20833 J.C.	20	0	2	C21862 Miss C.F.P.	20	0	0	C22212 R.A.S.	20	5	0
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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

A DRAMATIC RENAISSANCE?

Things are moving just now in the English theatrical world. Bad plays by well-known dramatists are being patronised only as well as they deserve; new dramas by unknown men are receiving a large measure of appreciation. It is the old-fashioned playwright, the old-fashioned manager, and the old-fashioned actor chiefly who are going about growling that times have changed and things are not what they were. To which, if the grumbler be one of the everlasting derelicts of the great game of public entertainment, you murmur sympathy and talk of Bodegas and other pleasant places; if one of the ancient Has-beens who never ought to have been at all, you grin sardonically and retort: "And a demi-semi good job, too!" On the economic side, the theatre in England is still, and will probably remain for a long time, a somewhat grievous object; artistically, the signs and portents are better than for some time past.

SO-CALLED SERIOUS PLAYS.

The quality of the so-called serious plays which are being produced is distinctly on the up-grade, so far as the younger men are concerned; and they are all that matters. At this rate, we shall wonder in ten years' time how plays like "The Sugar Bowl" and "The Barrier" ever came to be staged at the leading West End houses in the twentieth century, and even more why Mr. Alfred Sutro fell so easily to the level of the latter. On the outskirts of the drama there will, of course, always be a great deal of rubbish, for there will be always a great many people who prefer rubbish at the theatre, as well as at the library, the draper's shop, and the restaurant. Everywhere such people buy their rubbish it must be in evening dress, so to speak, thoroughly genteel and thoroughly stupid, but "the thing." For many years the bulk of our theatres have catered entirely for these classes—or perhaps I should say this class; for mentally and morally it is one class only, although some of its members live in Stepney and some in Park Lane, and their incomes stretch from a pound a month to a thousand a week. Chiefly they keep or wait in shops, or have retired to the inner suburbs, after having made their pile in the former capacity; but some of them typewrite, and a few of them—very few—make things. The so-called serious English plays had been compiled primarily for their benefit during several hundred years: by so-called plays I mean all plays but farcical plays and musical plays. As a consequence, although they grew more pretentious during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, these so-called serious plays were hardly less stupendously dull, and the musical comedy development and the growth of the music-hall habit are the result.

MUSICAL COMEDIES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

I lament neither of them. I think both not merely defensible, but worthy of applause. John Oliver Hobbes, the keenest woman of her time, was a regular and delighted patron of the Gaiety, where any evening you will see some of the brightest men in the profession; and you may find more entertaining cleverness in an average company at Daly's than in half a dozen of the usual comedy companies entrusted with the recital of the ponderous nonsense of our solemnly inane dramatists. It is a significant fact that whilst most of the patrons of our ordinary theatres in the last twenty years have been women, almost as many men as women patronise musical plays, whilst two-thirds of the patrons of the halls are masculine. For this latter circumstance there are reasons, no doubt, only half artistic. The man is the brainier animal, anyway; and the man goes to the musical comedy, the woman to the so-called serious play. It is a point worth the meditation of our too articulate actor-managers when next they may feel inclined to "take the flure" on the subject of the British drama. But a few of the better plays by the new writers for the theatres in recent years seem to have interested an increasing body of men—those of Messrs. Barker, Galsworthy, Shaw, Wharton, Fenn, Hankin, Sutro, and Davies in particular; and the prospects for a dramatic renaissance in England never looked rosier. One very important point to note in this connection is the revival of Manchester as a producing centre: there were five premières there in one week recently. Another is the institution of the Playgoers' Theatre, intended to present to country patrons of drama the same class of plays (and as well done) as Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker showed us at the Court. A third encouraging point is the warm reception which the old Court company is receiving in the provinces, where it is on tour with a series of ultra-modern comedy bills.

FROM THE GREEN.

Among the influences which have re-directed the minds of educated Englishmen to the theatre as a possible means of intellectual enjoyment as well as simple passing pleasure, few have been stronger than the revised versions of the classics which Professor Gilbert Murray has prepared for us and we have seen at Chelsea and the Savoy. The Greeks were the fathers of great drama, and since their time it has never attained in any age or society at once the same brilliancy, power, and significance as it had in theirs. Jebb has well said that "artistic drama was the creation of Athens", and how artistic the Greek drama was it is impossible to realise without seeing it actually performed. Many things must have struck those who, like myself, have witnessed the staging of Professor Murray's versions of the "Hippolytus," the "Electra," the "Trojan Women," and the "Medea" of Euripides in London. Most of all, I have been impressed by the modernity of tone of large passages of the plays, which may be partly the fault or virtue of Professor Murray's reading of them—which reading, I may say, is at once literature and scholarship. None of my readers who have the opportunity of sampling a Murray-cum-Euripides play should miss the chance. They are successes of drama, of poetry, and of curiosity alike.

OLD AND NEW.

Euripides was the new dramatist who followed after Aeschylus and Sophocles nearly five hundred years before Christ; the Freethinker and Iconoclast, who brought with him not only new ideas about life and the gods, but about the drama as well. He is supposed to have written 92 plays—75 the experts declare as undoubtedly genuine—in which respect at least he reminds us of Mr. Clyde Fitch and other Yankee practitioners in the same art. Euripides has many claims to the favourable consideration of my readers; for he, like them, we are told, believed in brains. "He was deeply influenced by Anaxagoras, who taught that intelligence (nous) is the supreme principle by which matter has been reduced to order." Two thousand five hundred years ago nearly he was wrestling with the problem of the gods and deciding that "if the gods do anything base they are not gods," and being reproved by the comic writers of the period in return for "bringing men over to believe that there are no gods." It sounds very like twenty-five years ago only; instead of one hundred times that number. Always the world changes, but ever it is the same old world. It is a wholesome thought this, now and then, for the fretful human worm, and Euripides knocks it into him with both hands. By the way, when shall we see Professor Murray's version of "The Ion"—one of the finest of Euripides' plays?

HOW REVOLUTIONS COME.

Apropos of my suggestion that we may be now on the eve of a dramatic renaissance in this country, thanks to the growth of new writers and a new public, it is worth remembering that such movements in the past have come suddenly—and not lasted long. The great tragic art of Athens was completely developed in less than 50 years; similarly in England the space between Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" in 1587 and Ford's "Perkin Warbeck" in 1634 saw the whole of a great dramatic literature created. Our next dramatic movement will, I believe, be concerned with satiric, ironical comedy. "Waste," Mr. Barker's new play, I gather, belongs to this category, as did his "Voysey Inheritance." The Censor says that we must not see "Waste." Mr. Barker must determine that we read "Waste," and that at once. It would be well were "Waste" circulated broadcast at a low price: for preference, in the style of the penny classics of Mr. Grant Richards. If it be indecent, then Mr. Barker and his publishers would be fined or imprisoned, and the prudery of the Censor would be justified. If they went free, Mr. Redford would be made to look like an ass. This treatment repeated in the case of every new play which he turned down, that was adjudged by a competent committee to be worth the printing, would soon make the people smile, and would drive home upon the popular imagination the absurdity of any one man quite outside the law, and quite responsible only to the King, being allowed to gag the drama of this country. At present the agitation is taking the wrong line: it is insisting upon the right of the dramatist to stage what plays he likes. The right to be pressed is the right of the public to see what plays it likes—subject only to the common laws of decency. P.

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See page 390.

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"What is your Number?" See page 1.

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The last few weeks have seen a great increase in the numbers of investors who have learned about, and put into practical operation, the latest money-making method, which is known to successful Stock Exchange men as "Double Profit Investment."

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It is, on the other hand, no wonder at all that the British public, who are always very keen to carefully investigate and test every new thing, have, after a first successful trial, quickly realised that a new and exceptionally profitable method of money-making has been devised, and that same public has also not been slow to step forward and take its share of the profits which are to be had for the asking under this plan.

The Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Ltd., of 20, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C., which is popularising this method in this country, is likely to be the most powerful financial house in the world before long, for, so soon as one client hears of the success of a friend who has operated the Double Profit method at the advice and guidance of this company, he or she naturally follows, and the clients and their profits are increasing daily after a snowball fashion.

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Seeing that the Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Ltd., is a public company, with a capital of £40,000, and that it makes no charge whatever for the book explaining the Double Profit method, nor for its weekly circular of advice, collected from the soundest financial sources in the City exchanges and banks, there is, as has been said, little wonder that the demand upon the part of the public for information upon the method by which £10 can earn £50, £100, or even £200 profit in a short space of time, and that shorn of all the risks which attend speculations of other descriptions which cannot in any event produce half so great profits.

If there are any readers of JOHN BULL who are still unacquainted with this latest money-making method, they have only to write to the Secretary of the Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Ltd., 20, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C., and a copy of the book which fully explains and gives numerous detailed descriptions of recent transactions under the Double Profit plan will be sent to them post free and free of charge, and they will therein learn how the seeming impossibility, but in reality simple result, of making a profit, whether the share you invest in rises ten points or falls ten points, is accomplished.

Indeed, no one can afford to be without the knowledge this book contains, whether they are at present considering the subject of investment or money-making or not.

It is a unique publication in the annals of business, for the Double Profit method is being adopted more widely, and will influence the finances of the world's money markets more than anything else has done during the past quarter of a century. Its importance is that it applies equally to the man with £5 as to the one with £5,000.

But, as has been said, full particulars can be obtained by all who desire them from the Secretary of The Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Ltd., 20, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the "Nulli Secundus" was a wreckless experiment.—That the railway Bell is "cracked."—That the police "take the law into their own hands."—That the Kaiser is going to Limerick.—That it is impossible to play a "square" game on the new Oval billiard table.—That "So-shall-ists" is the correct pronunciation.—That Diabolo is one of those old games that "keep bobbin' up."—That Limericking is a "paying" game for the public.

The destroyer *Flirt* was recently damaged in a collision. With a buoy, no doubt.

Although many consider diabolo a diabolical game, it has caught on. The makers will doubtless draw many a bobbin.

Many correspondents want a cure for cigarette smoking. Smoke them.

Mr. R. G. Knowles is to preach in America. He will be able to give some graphic pictures of the pit.

A squirrel from Richmond Park ran into a shop, and took refuge in a grandfather clock. It was just caught in time.

Two headlines from the same issue:—"Police Cases Collapse." "Copper Crisis."

A writer in *M.A.P.* says: "Man is the only animal who cannot idle." Does he know our Jim?

It is proposed to run theatres on ocean liners. It is to be hoped they will have plenty of "Emergency Exits."

The man who said the new game had struck a "Dire-blow" to the Limerick craze is still "wanted."

The *Express* has started a Missing Sentence competition. If the law were not such "a hass," the "sentence" would no longer be "missing."

The Bishop's Stortford Guardians have saved £239 in twelve months by using boned meat in the workhouse. What was the butcher doing to let them "bone" it?

"Killed by Strong Cigars," reads a heading. Widow's weeds, evidently.

Mr. Bell considers a general strike of workers will follow a refusal of the railway men's demands. We have obtained the following opinions from proprietors:—

Drapers.—Do not think assistants will show the white feather. A strike would put a wet blanket on trade.

Clock-makers.—See no cause for alarm; but on the face of it looks as though the hands will turn. Do not think they will spring a surprise; but, doubtless, would strike at the right time. Small firms would wind up.

Cloth-makers.—Consider most of the yarns threadbare. Our men will not take a pattern from others.

Cycle-makers.—Do not consider our men saddled with any grievance. Of course, they can play their own game, but doubtless would tire before winning the rubber.

Fruiters.—Men do not seem to care a fig about the date of the strike. Time not ripe to pick a quarrel.

Tailors.—Our men are not dummies, but like good figures. Only a few have the needle.

Harness-makers.—Men are always anxious to make a bit; but it is a query who would get the whip hand.

Wheelwrights.—It is a question of wheel or woe.

We note that a society bride wore a Limerick lace veil at her wedding the other day. This may have been a slight recognition of the fact that marriage is a lottery.

A Sussex farmer who dropped a ha'penny and instituted a search found a half-sovereign. No one has claimed it, but as the farmer is still looking for the ha'penny, Scotland has claimed him.

Electricity is becoming more useful than ever. Now our cows are to be milked by the turning of a switch. In the near future switched eggs will be quite common.

Sir Lauder Brunton advises the weary to collect stamps, and so add ten years to their lives. We know of one man who collected a great number of unused stamps, and got several years immediately.

The spiritualist who was robbed the other day says that the time is not yet ripe for the discovery of the thief by spiritualism. His watch was plucked before it was ripe.

Keir Hardie is a Scotsman. Perhaps this is why he brays of Ben Gal. Has he no heard yet o' the teegur that gruppit a native woman and Chowdar.

"Society is the mother of dissension," says Pulitzer. What a family!

For assaulting a constable over twenty years ago at Watford, a man has been fined £10 and costs. He now thinks policemen have fine memories.

The people of Barcelona are tired of the bomb-throwing which has got the place such a bad name. They prefer to crack their own nuts.

"Anti-Marriage Movement," reads a poster. Shouldn't it be "Aunty"?

A man recently died from swallowing a clinical thermometer. He may yet find it useful.

"Sage Financial Sayings," an article in a contemporary is headed. Is it stuffing for geese?

A disused railway carriage has been "converted" into a mission chapel at Dulverton Cross Station. The sleepers will be in it now.

"Has a proposal of marriage ever been made on the grand stand at Lord's?" asks the *Book Monthly*. We may state that the structure has witnessed some good partnerships, and many a man has secured a "duck" in the vicinity.

A recent riot of mill girls at Paisley was quenched by the application of water. The hose gave them "socks."

A new Tariff Reform booklet has been published by Messrs. Scampton and Co. Is it a scamped 'un?

"The Sins of Society" now begins at 7.45 and ends even earlier than on the first night, according to a morning paper. We thought there was no end to them.

"Mrs." John Strange Winter is concerned because the medical press has declared that the prettiest girls are the stupidest. Why?

Apropos certain recent police tests for drunkenness, we commend the following dictum of a great legal luminary:—

He is not drunk who from the floor
Can rise again and still drink more;
But drunk is he who helpless lies,
Without the power to drink or rise.

Registration difficulties—a way out: A Brixton lodger has qualified by marrying his landlady. The little monkeys—and musicians—will doubtless soon follow.

A motor-bus driver, at an inquest on a man he had run over, complained that "people stood about at this spot, and were a regular nuisance. *Something ought to be done.*" Quite so.

Somebody has invented a burglar's photo machine. Of course the burglar will have to carry it away—to save his face.

At the Methodist reunion meeting recently Rev. W. B. Lark read "Letters from Heaven and Lord Knollys." Rough on Lord Knollys. We hope it won't always be so.

Mr. Hall Caine describes the section of London in which the West London Wesleyan Mission operates as "the wickedest centre of the Metropolis." What Price Hughes?

At Marylebone a woman complained to Mr. Plowden that she could not stop her husband's tongue. "I have no control over that," explained Mr. Plowden, somewhat wearily. "Generally when it comes to a war of tongues between husband and wife, the wife can hold her own." But that's just the point; she can, but she won't.

£450,000 has been lost by hop-growers this season. It is anticipated that some of them will hop it.

It required nine policemen to take John Jenkins to the police-station the other day. Union is strength.

The Lord Mayor of Belfast says 350 tons of stones were removed from the streets in the recent riots. Happily, few of the throwers belonged to the Hittites.

Sir Tea Lipton has abandoned his challenge for the America Cup, though he had made all provisions.

While in Canada the Bishop of London "romped with his nieces on the beach." Waves of enthusiasm passed over the watching multitude.

In Burma when a man meets a woman he puts his nose close to her face, and pretends to inhale a delicious perfume. In this country wives do the same to their husbands, who usually take a few cloves or peppermint. This is politeness reduced to a science.



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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in all cases a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Our readers will doubtless remember the Cricket Handbook which we distributed last Easter. We have a number of similar handbooks containing Football Fixtures and other interesting information relating to the game, and shall be happy to send a small parcel of them upon application from club secretaries and others interested.

G. E. A. (Marlborough).—By all means.

"URANUS" (Hove).—As you will have seen, we have started "Shams" again.

F. R. F. (London, E.).—The series is complete for the moment.

F. G. R. (Sutton).—Thanks, we have already received that biscuit from somebody else.

A. E. M. (Gloucester).—Yes, but who are "the two most gifted and broad-minded men in the world"?

G. H. M. (London).—You should show the book to Mr. Quaritch, of 11, Grafton Street, W., or to Messrs. Sotheran and Co., 37, Piccadilly. We are unable to give you a decided opinion.

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12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.

W. A. (Edinburgh) alludes to a proposal to "start Russian methods" at Glasgow and obliterate sporting news at the public library, but so far the proposal does not seem to have been taken very seriously.

W. T. B. (Stoke Newington).—If the *Daily Mail* had not already had an undue share of our biscuits, we should certainly give them one for stating that the games department of a London shop has 50,000 gross of Diabolo on order. Like the man who boasted that he had been dining off gold plates, Lord Northcliffe might be told to "show us one."

"BILL" (London, S.W.).—Yes.

A. H. P. (Shepherd's Bush) asks "what's good for a cold?" We suggest a trip to East Africa.

F. A. B. (Bristol) sends us a poem, and asks for our frank criticism. It is very pretty, but we should like to know what is his authority for thinking that bats' wings are made of leather.

E. M. (Lambeth) kindly sends Jim a prescription for neuralgia, but Jim protests against the proposal that his medicine should be taken in water, and flings the physic to our bull-dog.

M. C. (Chester) is surprised that Jim should ask whether lying is a sin, and suggests that he should take the Bible which his mother gave him for a birthday present, and turn to the Book of Proverbs. But, unfortunately, Jim pawned his Bible very long ago.

B. W. (Manchester) says that the article on lying "gives one seriously to think," and raises even deeper questions "as to the foundation of all morality." He argues that "if everyone told the truth, life would be unbearable; if all told lies and you could depend on no one's word, then life would be unbearable also. What is one to do, what do you suggest, for one who has the training and desires the ultimate and all-round success of those who are now young lads? The point seems to be in many cases that success in certain callings depends very largely on the judicious mixing of vice and virtue, but it is difficult to teach this to the young. If they are taught a strict code of absolute truth they may be ruined financially." Our correspondent further raises questions of morality which are scarcely suitable for discussion in a family paper. However, he has written us a very interesting letter, for which we offer him our thanks.

G. C. (Ravenscourt Park), R. H. (Barnes), and many others draw our attention to the confession by Pearson's parrot that Tariff Reform means nothing. We have already teased the bird about this.

A. M. (St. Julien).—Thanks for biscuit.

F. C. M. (Thornton Heath).—See answer to A. M. (St. Julien). But we think Mr. Pearson's little slip has already been ridiculed by other papers.

G. W. (Wood Green).—Why do you object to Messrs. Peek, Frean and Co. giving gold and silver spoons to people who have served them for 50 and 25 years? As to giving them a biscuit, we imagine they are already fairly well supplied.

A. G. (London, N.).—Thanks for compliments. We do not agree that, if you help to increase our circulation, you will lessen your chance of getting a fiver. In fact you may enable us to give away more fivers.

"ETIAW."—Thanks for the pretty picture of our namesake, but we hope he will manage to win a race some day without the assistance of an airship.

R. A. E. (Kingsland).—Thanks, but we have already had the amusing paragraph from the *Cottager and Artisan*.

T. H. (Walsall) some time ago ordered an international library from *Lloyds*, but he is now not so well off, and cannot keep up his payments. *Lloyds*, however, refuses to take the books back, and has sent him some very impatient dunning letters. He asks what he is to do. Of course it is very difficult to wriggle out of a bad bargain, but we should be inclined, if we were in his shoes, to invite *Lloyds* to whistle for the money.

"JOHN BULLSEYE" (Barnes) writes to us in defence of Socialism, which we thought we had already exposed sufficiently. However, we will try to oblige him presently.

W. A. W. (Sevenoaks) sends us some instructive correspondence as to the treatment of old soldiers who endeavour to get employment in His Majesty's Customs. After serving for over twenty-one years he took his discharge at the age of 38 with first-class credentials, but for over two years he has been unable to obtain a job. This is the kind of letter he receives: "You were informed on the 13th of June last that it would not be less than 12 months before your turn would arrive for employment, and we cannot hold out any prospect of your being employed within the next 12 months." It is certainly very hard lines, and we must see what we can do to stir up the War Office.

"ONE WHO HAS BEEN COMMITTED."—Why do you object to an Execution Officer of a County Court earning a little money during his holiday? We can understand that you are not very fond of the chap. Still, you may as well be fair to everybody.

W. F. W. (Willesden) asks in what form of taxation does a London citizen support the State Church. The answer is:—In none, for endowments are merely inherited property.

"LAWN MOWER" (Ipswich).—We know nothing of the "Universal Department Recovery and Accountancy Offices," but most institutions of the kind are to be viewed with suspicion.

T. W. (Bromley Common) sends an extract from a paper called *Enquire Within*, which says, "In London it is estimated that there are three hundred thousand people who dwell in one room." What an atmosphere there must be with such a crowd!

"J. B. READER" (Padiham).—We fancy we have already commented upon the paragraph about the child who "unfortunately fell clear of the car and was unhurt."

"SANDY" (Glasgow) wants some more poems by Vera Canute, but the best poets cannot always write to order.

"ONE IN DOUBT" (Motcombe) thinks the Limerick awards are infamous. As he has not won a prize with his excellent lines (which we have not seen) he is probably right.

J. E. (Glasgow).—Very glad to be so popular at Auckland, particularly with the fair sex.

E. U. (Ryde) asks why, while most newspapers are open to publish for payment the advertisements of quack medicines and problematical methods of acquiring wealth, they refuse the same inducement to insert poems, articles, and stories which may not come up to their literary standard. It is a bit difficult to give an answer to this argument, except perhaps by using the old "gag," "the custom of the country." E. U. has another plan, which he puts thus:—

"Now, why should not a poet use
The sidewalk for his fitful Muse?
As crowds passed by, the bard could show 'em
How nicely he could write a poem.

The critic then could come along
And scribble comments on each song;
And some arrangement might be made
By which the two could jointly trade."

There is certainly a good deal in the suggestion.

G. F. L. (Woodside Park) sends a cutting from the *Westminster Gazette* about someone whose "father, a captain in the Royal Navy, was drowned in the Straits of Mozambique when he was only a year old." What precocity!

"AN ADMIRER" points out that a Limerick prize was given for a pun on the French word *dot*, in the belief that it is pronounced "dough." He exclaims, "And yet they say there is a God!" We fail to see any connection between theology and lotteries.

B. S. (Forest Gate) argues that "Morocco belongs to Spain." We think Morocco will continue to belong to the Moors as long as Holland continues to belong to the Dutch. As Spain used to belong to Morocco, there is a natural affinity, and we would rather see Don Carlos VII. than President Folies-Bergère at Fez any day.

A. J. (Dalston).—We now see your point. We told you to be more A.J.ile. Now we ask you to A.J.itate. We are sorry, but your initials lend themselves to these commentaries.

J. E. H. (Forest Gate).—Some have their future behind them, and that is much worse. Surely you did not expect to catch the *Westminster Gazette* tripping! It is written for (and by) scholars and gentlemen. That is why it has never secured the circulation it deserves.

"TOZANER" (Gunnersbury) maintains that mosquitoes do sting. He says that, whilst in Nigeria, he "watched the little devils insert their 'sting' into his hand,"—so he ought to know. He is a good friend to this journal, which he is always recommending. He is also a poet, and sends us the following touching lines:—

The well-known E.D. of J.B.
Was sued by the City P.C.
But the wise old K.D. (cadi)
Said, "Why bring this to me?
He is plainly O.K. this M.P."

H. D. (Bournemouth).—Funny, but we only laugh about accidents when we have had them ourselves.

M. B. (Norwich).—It was a funny misprint which gave metal as mental, and, dealing with copper stocks, said, "The mental market does not show any signs of a sustained recovery." Funny, but true.

L. C. (Manchester) wants to know if we are liable under the Compensation Act while our fiver-winners are working for us. We suppose so, but it is impossible to say until a case has been carried up to the House of Lords. Will L. C. slip over a banana skin and try?

W. K. (London, N.E.) hopes we don't get many letters like his. But we are grateful for his kind interest.

J. B. (City).—Your initials and your letter are all right. If we hear of anyone wanting to part with a fiver we will let you know.

D. W. P. (Bowes Park).—An unlikely request.

"JACK DAW" (Newcastle-on-Tyne) writes to Jim Crow:—"It was very wily to pose as a fearless heretic in defending a custom that is really indulged in by all your readers; and yet you 'do not court popularity'! Well, I'm a bit of a liar myself. Truth is really valuable for its rarity. Take the case of America for instance. One Yankee once told the truth, and they have made a song about it ever since. Yet there are several reasons why we should be moderately truthful. If we were not, no one would believe our cleverest lies, and if universal truth-culture means the burning of all books of reminiscences, by all means let truth prevail. It will never do to brazenly admit that you lie. If you want your lies to be successful, you must mix them up with some truth, as a good bowler mixes his balls, and above all stick to that hoary lie, 'I always tell the truth.'" "Jack Daw" then relates the story of the little girl who was punished for saying she had seen a real live lion in the garden, and then announced, "I asked God to forgive me, and He said, 'Don't mention it, Miss Brown; the first time I saw that dog, I thought it was a lion myself.'" If our readers are not careful, Jim will soon have an attack of sleeping sickness, which we understand is usually accompanied by swelled head.

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TRIAL.

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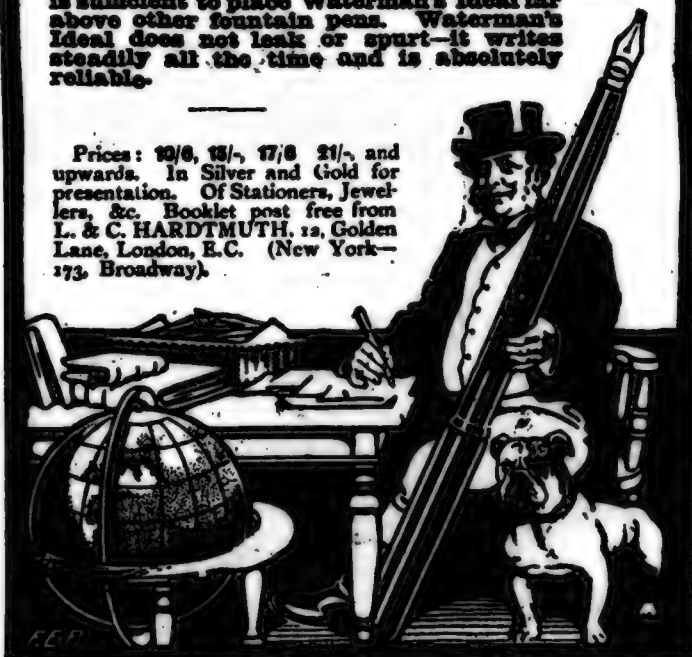
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XXIX.—A LOT ABOUT LOTTERIES.

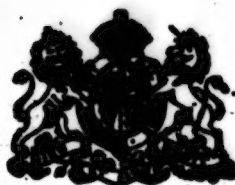
The other day I listened in the Court of a City Alderman to learned and ingenious arguments on the subject of lotteries. Till then I thought I knew what a lottery was; now I am not even sure I know what it isn't. One eminent legal gentleman stigmatised the scheme of JOHN BULL as an evasion of the Lottery Act, as if it were a crime to evade anything. Most of us are evading Acts of Parliament all the days of our life. We should get run in if we didn't. There is a salutary law, for instance, which says that I must not assault my grandmother, and another which says I must not murder, and another which says I must not annex my neighbour's wife, or his ox, or his ass, or his man-servant, or his maid-servant, or anything that is his. Therefore I evade them all, and I earnestly hope the City Solicitor will not send me a summons.

There is only one lottery which I have not been able to evade, and it is the most glaring lottery with which I am acquainted. Life is a lottery, and through no fault of my own I have not been able to evade it. There are some forty millions of people in this country, and some years ago I was pitched into the world to take my chance among the lot. I did not buy, beg, borrow, or steal a ticket; I didn't particularly want one. But the doctor said I must have one, whether I wanted it or not. That started me on my evil courses. I have been drawing lots on the off-chance among those forty millions ever since, and I am drawing them yet. In food, lodging, and raiment it is costing me pounds a week to draw blanks, while other fellows are drawing prizes, and I hereby demand to know who is running the lottery.

Pardon me. I dare not tell a lie. I said that Life was the only lottery I have been unable to evade. I have evaded being the Prince of Wales, Lord Rothschild, Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, the public hangman, Jack Jones of Covent Garden Market, and the Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo. Probably it was a near thing every time. For instance, if my grandmother had been Queen Victoria, and my father Albert Edward Rex, and I his eldest son, I should have been Prince of Wales. Why am I not? Is there any valid reason why the winning number should have fallen to the gentleman who now holds the style and title and not to me? None. It was all in the lottery. The fault is not with his Royal Highness any more than it is with myself. We are both innocent of wrong. But the City Solicitor should certainly prosecute.

About every other week I am bombarded with touching appeals from the Governments of France, Germany, Austria, Timbuctoo, and Jericho to purchase a whole, half, quarter, or one-eighth ticket or chance in securing anything between £50,000 and £150,000 at one fell swoop. I do not swoop; and I have never heard of anyone living within five hundred miles of my country seat who did. I am also beseeched to send the minimum sum of sixpence to various public educators in the press to take part in a giddy lottery, known as Limericks. I do not admit, however, that the greater cricketers are competent judges of the higher literature; so I say with the uttermost glee, that as long as my name is T.D., they may call for a tanner, from Bill, Jack, or Hannah, but they'll never get one out of me.

It appears that at some of the clubs there is conducted from time to time a lottery described as a sweep. I do not quite know what a sweep is myself, but I understand it is something technical connected with a certain four-legged animal, to wit, a horse. It appears that you buy a ticket or chance, that the names of certain of the animals are written on paper and cast into a receptacle called, known, styled, or distinguished as a hat, that the purchasers of the said tickets or chances dip their hands into the said hat, and draw one paper therefrom, and that if the said paper is marked with the winner of a race between the animals as aforesaid, to wit, the Derby, the owner or holder of the said lot so drawn receives money proportionate to the amount contributed by the subscribers as aforesaid. This being so, may I ask the learned Muir, or the learned City Solicitor, or both of them, whether they have ever conducted, or aided and abetted in the conduct, of such lottery as aforesaid? Likewise, whether they have ever prosecuted themselves as rogues and vagabonds?

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of the "Globe.")

It Should Be.

Is it true that since the Betting Bill "Rule, Britannia" is never sung at sporting functions?
A Saunders or a Topping.

No businesses are more methodically conducted than by those who are really genuine commission agents.
Too Late.

Whether it is luck or ill-luck to have missed going to a meeting one never realises until afterwards.

How we Knew It.

Invariably we have backed a winner for a very small stake early in the day and plunged on losers towards the end of the day.

Are they Privileged?

South African law has just decided that a Jockey Club's warning-off is not actionable. It is a very moot point how a decision would lie here.

Method v. laxity.

How very different it is when one goes to a race meeting as a matter of pleasure or as a matter of business necessity free from all sentiment.

I "Subscribe."

But for the "sleepers" and mistakes made against themselves by backers, the bookies jocularly declare that they would starve. Poor fellows!

Human Nature.

A man can do EVERYBODY all the good turns possible, but give anyone a chance and see how quickly they "do" you in other ways.

They Can't Advertise in "John Bull."

Twenty-five pounds is about the limit that the "straightish" firms pay. Beyond that, some loophole or excuse of the most extraordinary kind is "found." They will pay a good man £15 or £20, in the hope of winning it back threefold the following week.

The Sezerwitch.

The always much anticipated Cesarewitch, like most worldly matters, was greater in promise than realisation. Nevertheless it will always be the "Sezerwitch," attracting the biggest crowd of the year to Newmarket, although there is invariably the least to see, for the field start completely out of sight, two and a quarter miles away, and run the first six furlongs behind the Ditch. It is only when they turn into the straight line for home—a full mile and a half away—that through glasses on-lookers realise that there is a troop of horses approaching. The runners reach the Bushes—a famous historical landmark in Newmarket racing—before their positions and chances can truly be gauged, and as a rule in the run home—the last quarter of a mile—the three eventually placed horses are well strung out. It is the strongest evidence of the trend of public needs nowadays when the Cesarewitch—of less value than any long distance race contested every week of the season—still attracts so enormously both owners and the public. It is the splendid betting opportunity which supplies the keynote of this unequalled popularity of a race which last week reached its 58th anniversary.

Assumed Names.

The fact that Lady de Bathe recently dropped the nom de course of "Mr. Jersey," for which she has so fruitfully been paying 35 guineas per annum for many years (25 for flat-

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., London, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

and 10 for N.H. sport), calls attention to the uselessness of these anonyms in most cases. Only too well is the identity of those who would be cloaked known to the great majority, and that Mrs. Langtry was "Mr. Jersey" has, I think, been public property from the first week that the fawn and turquoise hoops were spotted. In time the owners of such adopted nomenclature invariably cease to continue it, although very many of our present leading owners have in their earliest days run horses under some such nom de course. Sir Henry Randall, for instance, was for a very long while "Mr. Monkshall"—which is really the name of his Northamptonshire residence, Monks Hall. Mr. Geo. Thursby for a period raced and rode as "Mr. Blagdon," suggested by the name of the forest in the vicinity of which he was Master of the Hounds. Many of our patrician racegoers have at times been plain "Mr." somebody or other—for instance, Lord Alington was "Mr. Stuart." Mr. T. Lushington, the famous Irish gentleman jockey, was for long "Mr. Wildman"; Mr. V. P. Missa was for several seasons known as "Mr. V. Marake." Col. Doucey was for long "Mr. A. Walton." Mr. Cox everybody knows is "Mr. Fairie." Mr. C. Morbey, the ex-jockey, used to be termed "Mr. Ellis," whilst Miss May Woodland, the lady trainer, until last spring always had her shamrock jacket carried in the name of "Mr. Hugh St. Leger." Mr. John Loveys, a Croydon owner, has no hesitation now in admitting that he was once cloaked by "Mr. Sloucombe." Mr. MacLachlan is the "Mr. Strathern" of our courses, whilst Lady Meux always ran her horses as "Mr. Theobalds." Prophetic.

Sandown's "mixed" card's a good one all through. To-day (Thursday), despite his Cesarewitch failure,

BALTINGLASS,

on a shorter course and under a stronger jockey, is a (racing) "certainty" for the Sandown Three-Year-Old Stakes. His stable companion, NERO, on last week's form, must go close for the Temple Handicap, and we dare not miss

COCKTAIL.

for the Orleans Nursery. For Saturday's jumping those present must remember to watch the market—especially the final, not opening sales—and follow horses fit from the flat. Thus I do think that

SAVERNAKE OF MASTER-AT-ARMS

will win the Norbiton Handicap, and

RATHVALE,

who scored in a hunters' flat at Utttoxeter last week, the Park Steeplechase.

Next week's Cambridgeshire will, as I have believed and said all through, before the horse was even quoted, fall to

MALVA.

Whatever wins will have to beat this unlucky horse of an unlucky owner. I think there is no special danger unless

GOLD RACE

is really backed and properly ridden.

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